



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 1

May 2018

**New Features This Issue**  
The Sad Decline in Wooden Boat Ownership  
Lots of Water from Sky and Sea  
Ocean Storm Riley Aftermath – Florida Bay Charter 1990  
John Riley Aftermath – Building Trilars  
Sometimes We Know, Sometimes We Don't



# messing about in BOATS

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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Another year has raced by for *MAIB* and we now head into our 36th with no end in sight yet. With the annual passing of our “anniversaries” I usually hark back to how it all began with my early involvement with the Traditional Small Craft Association, which eventually resulted in my launching *MAIB* in 1983 after deciding to not take on the task of editing the Association’s journal, *The Ash Breeze*. I have continued to support the TSCA all these years despite eventually broadening our overview to include all sorts of small boating.

My recent acquisition of a 1929 Old Town Rowboat project and the impending acquisition of a 20’ modern hi tech Navigator plastic rowing/sailing boat project has brought me back into the rowing/sailing fold somewhat, including reviving my interest in again attending the annual Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in late June. Launched by John Gardner in 1970 to bring together traditional small boat builders and users to combat proposed design requirements that would effectively outlaw building and using traditional small boat designs, the gathering has followed its success at that time in saving the boats to become a sort of gathering of the clan affair, now as part of the Wooden Boat Show at the Seaport.

When the Seaport bailed out of sponsoring the event due to financial constraints, it permitted it to continue to take place at the Seaport if organized and paid for by participants. Local enthusiasts pitched in and the event today is organized by the local John Gardner Chapter, TSCA.

For a number of years now I have regularly published news from several TSCA Chapters, those that showed an interest in my so doing. I considered excerpts from these to be an effective way to demonstrate the value of such organizations to our small craft community. The outstanding efforts of Bill and Karen Rutherford producing the John Gardner Chapter newsletter have been prominent, so this month I decided to bring you most of their current issue as it appears

page by page. This ties in with their Chapter’s imminent organizing of this year’s Small Craft Workshop.

So, beginning on page 16 with an introduction to the John Gardner Chapter, followed by a preview of this year’s Small Craft Workshop and an introduction to “Just Who Was John Gardner, Anyway?” for those who have heard of him but do not know the whole story of this remarkable man, we bring you 11 pages of their current newsletter verbatim as published. It does a great job of promoting interest and enthusiasm for traditional small craft at a local level, vital for their continued survival.

On the opposite page is an opinion from regular contributor Greg Grundtisch about what he perceives to be happening, at least in his greater Buffalo, New York region, to interest in wooden boats. It tends to reaffirm opinions we have heard from other sources that the younger generations today do not show much interest in what appeals to us, so what is going to happen down the way as we drop out when advancing years overtake us? Food for thought.

In closing, back to *MAIB*. My interest in continuing to do this and your collective interest in, and support of, the result keep me going. The widespread instant availability online of all sorts of free information on messing about in boats continues to gradually erode our readership. Why pay \$32 a year for a monthly 60 page black and white print publication when there is so much available free in living color online? Indeed.

Just to answer the obvious inquiry as to why I do not consider becoming an online publication, at 88 I do not wish to undertake moving my publishing into a whole new, unfamiliar to me, environment. I am just too old school after now 58 years of working with print media to do this. I’m not yet ready to retire, so as long as enough of you continue to support *MAIB* with your stories and subscriptions, we’ll keep turning up every month in your mailbox. So it’s on next to issue #720 and counting.

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## On the Cover...

Debra Carey took this cover photo of Minot Ledge Light off Cohasset on the Massachusetts South Shore during Nor’easter Riley in late March. The 97’ tower a mile offshore has been withstanding this sort of punishment since going into service in 1860. Minot Ledge has been the scene of countless shipwrecks, between 1832 and 1841 there were 40. By 1847, it was estimated that 40 lives and \$364,000 in property had been lost in shipwrecks. After the original ironworks lighthouse was swept away in the early 1850s the present granite tower was built and went into operation in 1860. It has withstood every subsequent gale. The strongest waves cause nothing but a strong vibration. On some occasions the seas have actually swept over the top of the 97’ structure with no more damage than a few leaky windows or a cracked lamp or two. Wanna know more, google Minot Ledge Lighthouse, for several detailed histories.

This point of view and learned opinions are mine based upon my research and conversations with wooden boat owners, sailors, restorers and builders. The number of people with those interests, and businesses in that regard, are disappearing dramatically. The reasons are varied depending on whom you talk to, but the fact remains it is a shrinking wooden boat demographic.

My "testing the waters" several years ago (research) was to buy unwanted or neglected wooden boats, and occasionally small fiberglass boats, and then repair, rehab and resell them. I also built some small rowboats as prototypes. The idea was to make a few dollars and also see if there was a reasonable base for expanding into a viable business, if only part time. The timing was not perfect.

The infamous 2008-9 economic crash offered some opportunities to buy unwanted boats that people were no longer using or wanted. Many were sitting unused and the owners wanted to sell them and other items as they needed the quick money. It was an intimidating worrisome time for a lot of folks. There were many who lost their jobs or were working less with less income and there was much uncertainty about the future.

In the fall of 2010 things were beginning to look a little better economically. I began to buy a few very inexpensive boats from craigslist and others. I worked on them when I could in the winter and sold them all in late spring and summer. I sold what I had and sold about the same amount of boats the next year. The following year I felt optimistic and bought a few more boats than I had the previous years. I had them ready for spring and I thought this idea was working out. It turned out not as well as I hoped.

What happened was there were no sales that year in the spring. I sold a couple in early summer and one in mid summer. I still had boats at the end of the season. This was cause for concern. What happened? What was I doing wrong? I offered an "end of season" discount but that got little response. I lowered the price much more so I wouldn't have to store them. I sold one but still had several left. I ended up having to store them along with my own fleet in a rather small side yard.



The following spring of what would be the last year of my part time business idea came with my leftover boats still sitting unsold. I eventually sold them and several boats from my own fleet, but at prices that covered my costs but little more. Something was changing. At about the same time wooden boats and others became available in large numbers on craigslist and several other listings. These boats were listed much cheaper than my already very low affordable offerings for similar boats. What was going on?

I spoke with several people at the Buffalo Maritime Center, the local ACBS and a couple

## The Sad Decline in Wooden Boat Ownership

By Greg Gruendtisch

of other folks about it. All had ideas as to the cause. The general consensus was the economy. I had a difficult time believing that as the economy around this Buffalo, New York, area has never been good since the '60s. There had to be something else maybe. As my father would say optimistically, "There may be a 9% unemployment rate here, but there are 91% still working, that's who we're selling to." Even so, the prices went from very affordable to very cheap giveaway prices. The market changed dramatically. It is currently beginning to stabilize somewhat, but at a never before seen lower market level for boats, especially boats of wood.

Then one day, after exchanging several emails and meeting with Susan and Chris Gateley, Susan insightfully stated the answer. Within an already small community of wooden boat owners, the population (baby boomers) is aging. The community is shrinking due to mortality, health issues, grandkids, moving to warmer climates or simply downsizing. There are other reasons in this regard, but the fact is folks are going away and their priorities change. They are not being replenished with newly interested wooden boat owners. Millennials don't care about old wooden boats. Many likely have never seen one. The kayak and the stand up paddleboards seem to be the vessels of choice today, not bad choices compared with some other options.

The high speed plastic boats and those cursed jet skis seem to have taken over the bays. These are easily bought today with financing offered to virtually anyone with any job, a big change from 2007-8. The interest rates are at loan shark levels but people are still buying. There's that 91% market, such as it is. Kayaks can be bought cheaply for a hundred or two on CL. Paddleboards are a little more expensive and are the choice of the go green and healthy thinking millennials. Try sailing through a couple of dozen wobbling paddle boarders in a small harbor where plastic outboard boats are pulling rocket size inflatables with six screaming kids onboard and the inconsiderate jet skiers jumping wakes. Not exactly a relaxing day on the water.

As a good example of what has happened to the wooden boat market, take a traditionally built boat with high desirability like the Haven 12½. This design 20 plus years ago was selling in the \$25,000 range. If you look at the price range it is selling at now, you will find that it is selling closer to half that. I understand depreciation but at one time the price was stable and firm and held for years if the boat was kept in good shape. Some designs have held up better in price than others due to availability and demand on the market, but they are few.

I don't want to leave out the owners and builders of wooden kayaks and canoes. There are some very well made examples of them but the craftsmanship is built in to a large extent due to the parts and pieces being prefabricated in a shop with a CNC machine. Nothing wrong with that and it keeps some aspect of wooden boat building alive.

There are still a few craftsmen who build from a pile of lumber and plans but those builders will likely go away for the same reasons. There will always be a market for fine craftsmanship and wooden boats built traditionally, but it appears the number of people in that market is shrinking. The people who can afford the high end traditionally built boat are aging. The costs to build out of good boat building wood have skyrocketed out of the reach of most. Even plywood and dimensional lumber from the local box stores has gone way up in price for the homebuilder of "instant" type boats.

It's unfortunate to see so many of those beautiful boats sit idle decaying in yards and fields, their owners abandoning them because they cannot find anyone to take them. To see all that skill and craftsmanship disappearing is disheartening. To see such a continually shrinking number of people still preferring a wooden boat, new or used, is equally disheartening.

There still seems to be a somewhat viable market on the East Coast and the Northwest coast, but in this Buffalo area and most others it is shrinking rapidly. It is doing so at a seemingly faster rate every year. By the numbers I've researched, it will happen everywhere eventually due to a shrinking age demographic that has secure discretionary cash to spend. The Gen X and millennials have little interest in this sort of boating, and the general uncertainty of steady employment and future job markets has many concerned about their economic future, even in today's much improved economic climate and low unemployment rates.

The good news? There is a good opportunity for a few who would like to own a traditionally built wooden boat. The market has plenty of good offerings at some extraordinarily great prices. Some free. I recently acquired a Seabird Yawl, (free, see March issue) for the price of transportation to Buffalo, New York, from Ottawa, Ontario. I did not need or want it as I had plenty of other boats, but to let this boat get chain sawed would be a crime. You can't save them all as I have heard many times. At least this one got saved and it felt good to do it.

Is there any hope for a resurgence of traditionally built wooden boats like the one that began in the late '70s and stayed fairly steady through the '90s? A lot of people got on board with that upswing in wooden boats and boat building, myself included. I doubt that it will happen again. There just are not enough people left with the interest. But we can hope. They said it wouldn't happen then, so who know for sure the future. Myself, I will own and sail a wooden boat of some sort until I can sail no longer. They are just better looking, have character and sail just as well as any other. In the words of the late Captain Roger Duncan, "No one likes an ugly boat, no matter how fast they are." Here's to hope for the future. Cheers!





# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Seabird Memories

I am very interested in Greg Grundtisch's Seabird venture but have no way of giving the boat a good home. Although my own designs are trailerable, some 45 years ago I was partners on a Seabird and learned to sail it on San Francisco Bay. We bought it on a lien sale where it had been abandoned, fixed it up (with very little funds) and sailed it for a year or so in the Bay and short excursions out under the Golden Gate. It got me hooked on sailing and messing about in boats. A couple of questionable modifications we made were the addition of an inboard (an old 36hp VW engine, air cooled, kept the cabin nice and warm) and an aft cabin. A look at my website ([www.shellboats.com](http://www.shellboats.com)) lately will reveal that I still like the aft cabin.

It was a real little ship with a lot of character and history. Is there any chance that he could support the boat by giving day cruises? I suppose the regulations would strangle any such project. Perhaps a nonprofit which just took donations?

I travel through Greg's area a couple of times a year to visit a daughter and would love to once more set foot on one of these boats that had such an impact on my life. I sailed mine single handed on San Francisco Bay many times.

Fred Shell, Shell Boats, St Albans, VT

### A Bit of Escape

It's cold and wet here in the Pacific Northwest but we do manage to get out on the mighty Columbia River every so often. We did manage to escape for a bit, we found a lovely little town (Port St Joe) on St Joe Bay in north Florida, a wonderful small bay with clear water and abundant sea life to keep us entertained as we paddled and sailed. Best part was there were very few others out on the water, ah the small craft life that suits us so well.

Patti and David Drabkin, Kayak Sailor,  
PO Box 1470, Hood River, OR 97031

## Information of Interest...

### Recalling AYRS

At one time, I was a subscriber (member?) of AYRS. Their journals were most interesting publication on all kinds of experiments with boats. I remember the reports on hydrofoils and the problem of a self adjusting forward foil to deal with the pressure changes caused by wave action as the foil moved through the water. An article on downwind tacking angles was very interesting as I was involved in MORC racing on a Ranger 26. Knowing the "best" downwind angle for the wind speed was very helpful.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

### Zane Gray's Drift Boat

Following up on my letter about Zane Gray ferrying a drift boat on the March "You write to us about..." page, I have now the rest of the story from reader John Ost:

"Gray had a cabin on the Rogue River. His drift boat (pictured in the March issue) is still there next to his cabin on the river. It is a double ended planked boat without rocker, a prototype for today's drift boats and river dories."

John also sent me a link to the McKenzie River Wooden Boat Festival. Oh, such sexy looking wood boats. The Festival raises money for PFDs, guess they are for those people who don't know how to ferry a boat.

Again, taking a drift boat through Class III whitewater and above with limited skill is life threatening. "Heads up where there's a PFD in whitewater." I have run the Nantahala River in a wooden drift boat, which included going over the Nantahala Falls (Class III). I made it with only minor problems, but once is enough.

I gather that Gray's boat was marginal at best to make it through Class III whitewater from the way John described the boat and studying the photo in *MAIB*.

Bob Dalley, Port Junalaska, NC

### World's Most Comprehensive Whaling History Database Released

The New Bedford Whaling Museum, in partnership with Mystic Seaport, has developed the world's most comprehensive whaling history database and it is now available for all to use at [WhalingHistory.org](http://WhalingHistory.org). Researchers, genealogists, students, teachers and history buffs alike will find it to be the most robust and useful repository of whaling history documentation and scholarship.

The data presented combines many sources including logbooks, journals, ship registers, newspapers, business papers and custom house records. Users will be able to find and trace whaling voyages and ships to specific logbooks, as well as the list of crewmembers aboard most of the voyages. The foundational fabric of Whaling History features three databases that have been stitched together: the American Offshore Whaling Voyage (AOWV) database, the American Offshore Whaling Log database and an extensive whaling crew list database. All data is open to the public and is downloadable for any researcher to use with other tools and systems.

The American Offshore Whaling Voyage (AOWV) database, which was spearheaded by Judith Lund, scholar and former curator at the New Bedford Whaling Museum, includes information about all known American offshore (or "pelagic") whaling voyages from the 1700s to the 1920s. It does not include the modern factory ship voyages of the mid 20th century. Information is most complete for the 19th century. The voyages included in the database sailed from, or were under the registry of, what is now the United States. Extensive records of American whaling in the form of daily entries in whaling voyage logbooks contain a great deal of information about

where and when the whalers found whales.

The second part of the database's foundation is the American Offshore Whaling Log database which includes information from 1,381 logbooks from American offshore whaling voyages between 1784 and 1920. These data were extracted from the original whaling logbooks during three separate scientific research projects, one conducted by Lieutenant Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury in the 1850s, the second conducted by Charles Haskins Townsend in the 1930s and the third conducted by a team from the Census of Marine Life project led by Tim Denis Smith between 2000 and 2010. The data file includes 466,134 data records assembled in a common format suitable for spatial and temporal analysis of American whaling throughout the 19th century.

The third database that Whaling History is built from is extensive whaling voyage crew lists from more than 5,300 voyages. Crew lists for whaling voyages recorded at the customs houses in Fall River and Salem, Massachusetts, and in New London, Connecticut, have been compiled as part of various projects and from various sources over the years. Crew lists for New Bedford voyages have been compiled using records kept by the chaplains of the New Bedford Port Society from 1840 to the end of whaling in New Bedford. These crew lists are now in a single searchable, sortable database.

In the next phase of the Whaling History, Museums and other institutions' collection items will be able to be linked to the database, giving researchers the ability to see a robust and dynamic picture of whaling history and artifacts.

About the New Bedford  
Whaling Museum

The New Bedford Whaling Museum is the world's most comprehensive museum devoted to the global story of human interaction with whales through time and the history and culture of the South Coast region. The cornerstone of New Bedford Whaling National Historical Park, the Museum is located at 18 Johnny Cake Hill in the heart of the city's historic downtown.

For more information visit [www.whalingmuseum.org](http://www.whalingmuseum.org).

### Some Fact Checking

I agree with Bill Zweig who celebrates the quality of the "Over the Horizon" articles in the most recent "You write to us about..." They are great fun to read. That said, a little fact checking is necessary regarding the March "Over the Horizon." In the section on "Small Boats" Mr Regan says you can buy a Torqueado equivalent to a 5hp gas engine for \$1,600. They don't make a 5hp, but the 4hp costs \$2,500 and the 6hp costs \$4,000! The 2hp costs \$1,700 (Defender Marine pricing). Mr Regan also states that they need a deep cycle battery like the Minn-Kota. Actually, they come with a Li-ion battery, but no battery charger which adds another \$600. And some people want to carry a second battery which will cost another \$900. Ouch! The Torqueado



2hp 503L (\$2,300 with charger) makes a 2.5hp Tohatsu (\$900) look like a real bargain. I wish the Torquedo prices would come down as I would much prefer to go electric.

Bill Brayton, Conway, MA

#### Boating Safety Courses Follow Up

Just a follow up on your article on Boating Safety Courses in the March 2018 issue (p52). Last year the American National Standards Institute (ANSI) approved three new skills based standards for on-water training in power, human propelled and sailing boats. These standards were developed by a consortium, including the USCG Office of Auxiliary and Boating Safety, National On-Water Standards (NOWS) Program, National Boating Safety Advisory Council (NBSAC) and American Boat & Yacht Council (ABYC). The standards were field tested during development by dozens of venues around the country.

Each of these standards is for entry level training and skills assessment and applies only to on-water training (though many courses combine classroom and/or online training with on-water training). Copies of these standards and their Tech-

nical Support Documents (TSD) can be obtained from [www.usnows.org](http://www.usnows.org). The TSDs are designed to assist boating course providers with a road map to design and revise entry level boating courses to comply with the new ANSI Standards and apply for a "Verified Course Mark" that will show their customers that their course is compliant.

Further information on applying for a Verified Course Mark can be obtained from [pam@nasbla.org](mailto:pam@nasbla.org) at NASBLA (National Association of Boating Law Administrators).

John Weiss, Edmonds, WA

#### Opinions...

##### A Useful Reminder

It is a generous thing to write an account of an incident where you have made mistakes. I believe Barry Lancaster began his article, "The Loss of the Robinson Crusoe" (March 2008), in that spirit. By the end of the article the generous spirit was gone, he insulted the man he had been unable to rescue. It was a useful reminder, to me, to be cautious about blaming anyone.

Duncan Wright, Philadelphia, PA

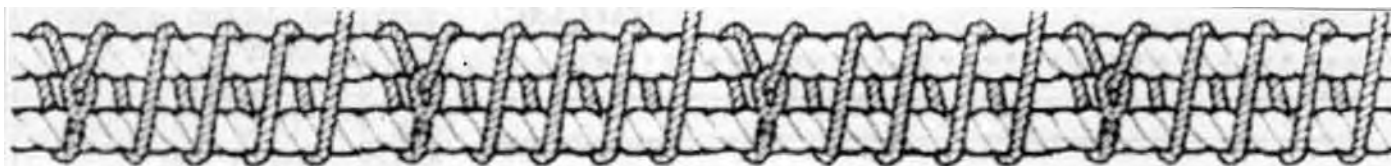
#### This Magazine...

##### Gracie Anne Follow Up?

Since reading "The Maiden Voyage of the Gracie Anne" in your October issue, I've been intending to write you with my impression and a suggestion. Maybe because I'm in the same age range, the story made me really feel that I understood those happenings and intentions. And it is a really well written story, and with some good pictures.

But also, Tony Davis left some loose ends. Did he or someone else accompany Winslow to Florida? Any more adventures? Did Winslow live aboard in Florida? Did he make good use of the boat while there? And where is the Gracie Anne today?

My suggestion, get Tony Davis to write a short sequel, completing the story, publish it and then submit it to the *Readers' Digest*. This is the type of story they often use, and it's a story that deserves a bigger audience. Also it would be good advertising for Tony's boatyard and for your magazine. Yes, this is a wild suggestion but nothing ventured, nothing gained.





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## The Middleton Stream Team

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## Lots of Water from Sky and Sea

Reprinted from *The Water Closet*  
Newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team

The TV weather folks had warned us for a week that a storm was heading our way from the southwest with impending complications coming up the East Coast and down from the Canadian Shield. Thursday evening, March 2, an east wind strengthened under a cloud covered full moon pulling on the water. With the promised nor'easter, it looked as if the beaches and marshes were in for a wild old time. By midnight gale force winds had the ocean waves high and the trees inland roaring in excitement. Over two inches of rain came in at a blizzard's slant. Despite the noise, the old Closeteer slept. He'd go out Friday afternoon when the wind was supposed to reach a crescendo endangering trees, power lines and barrier beaches.

Many trees and powerlines on Cape Ann went down. Countless hundreds of tons of sand were swept out from the beaches to join the offshore bars. Waves also carried sand into the center of Salisbury Beach. A third of a million people on the South Shore and Cape Cod lost electricity. The salt marshes and causeways to barrier beaches on the North Shore were covered for hours with seawater during the storm's three full moon highs at midday and midnight.

On Saturday afternoon, as the storm continued, the old Closeteer and a Rings Island friend visited Plum Island three hours after high tide. The marshes were still covered. A sustained gale out of the northeast had shoulder high waves on the Merrimack's mouth dancing, showing white petticoats. Water Street along the Merrimack's Newburyport shore was wave wet and flanked by windrows of drift cord grass from the banks of the rivers and cricks that had been pushed off the street by city plows.

After crossing the flooded salt marshes, which appeared as a broad sea from the causeway, the visitors arrived at the barrier beach called Plum Island. The ominous low roar just over the dunes from the Atlantic drew them on. The Parker River Wildlife Refuge gate was closed. A side street east got them behind the infamous houses in jeopardy on the high dunes above the beach. They parked their car and with a couple of other curious souls climbed a dune eastward into the wind.

Upon reaching the top the nor'easter hit them hard. The beach and usual ocean scenes



Surf three hours after high tide at Plum Island taken with a cell phone held in gale force gusts. The man on the beach is standing above the ocean's usual high runner tide (king tide) elevation. The strong nor'easter raised the swells well above the astronomical high usually following a full moon. The beachfront houses in the area were in jeopardy. Unwise past attempts to save others here have failed. (Nancy Sander Photo)

were gone. A half mile band of roiling white caps coalescing came into view right up to the foot of the dunes. It stretched as far as they could see both north and south. Out beyond the noisy chaos was the leaden gray blue sea striped with the breaking crests of incoming swells. There would be no real low tide in three more hours as shown on the tide chart.

The Rings Islander asked a young Plum Islander if he'd seen the surf like this before. He, a surfer, said he had not. Across the river at midnight and midday Rings Island had become a true island as the wind exacerbated tide flowed over the roads across the salt marsh to Salisbury's once fishing village. For a while the town blocked off the flooded roads. Climatologists predict by the end of the century that a foot to ten feet of higher water from melting Greenland and Antarctica ice may make our coastal hills islands. We'll need a boat to get to Old Town Hill in Newbury and Castle Hill in Ipswich. A good part of Boston built on past landfill may be underwater or protected by levees. See old maps of our Colonial capital.

While standing on the narrow edge of the storm ravaged beach, the Closeteer thought again about three quarters of a century ago as boy when he helped an old Salisbury carpenter patch up Plum Island ocean-front houses after a couple of nor'easters. During one a couple of cottages nearby had fallen in and gone out to sea.

Nancy Weare's fine book, *Plum Island: The Way It Was*, shows maps of where the river used to be as it entered the sea before the late 19th century jetties. Before them



The Ipswich River Dam in downtown Ipswich, a couple of miles upstream from the sea at the height of storm. The dam top is usually several feet higher than the tidal water below. The astronomical high and nor'easter winds filled the tidal side to the brim. Fish ladder, topped off, is on the left. (Photo by Elaine Gauthier)

the river's mouth used to wander north and south. The Closeteer as a boy was struck by how vulnerable the cottage covered barrier beach seemed. Last Saturday, standing where houses have gone in this past decade, he was surprised by folks' folly once again. Even if the ocean's elevation rose a couple of feet, Plum Island, Salisbury Beach, Seabrook Beach and Hampton Beach would become offshore bars and the salt marshes behind them would erode away.

The vast ocean when so ruffled at its edges warns and frightens but it doesn't keep some folks from building just above high water. The Closeteer recommends William Sargent's 2015 book, *PLUM ISLAND: 4000 Thousand Years a Barrier Beach*. Sargent, in an entertaining and at times disgusted way, tells the history of the barrier beach we love. He pungently chronicles the shenanigans of the last two centuries by people and their governments' attempts at taming Mother Nature. The Fed's protections came too late in the mid last century. They've done a good job for all including wildlife and plants on the southern two-thirds in their National Wildlife Refuge. After future storms, when the road barriers have been taken away, visit to see what ever higher waves have done. The old Closeteer bets on Mother Nature down the stretch. She won't allow houses for a few short sighted people to remain on her protective barriers.

# Ocean Storm Riley Aftermath

By Richard Honan

Drove out to the lighthouse on the tip of Eastern Point in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in early March five days after the start of winter storm "Riley". Seas were still running 14' to 15'. The area around the lighthouse, including the lighthouse grounds, was pretty beat up. It's actually hard to figure out where the parking lot was located.



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FLORIDA BAY CHARTER 16-19 FEB 90  
KEY LARGO HOAL WATER CRUISES  
BOAT 25' BOLGER DESIGNED SHARPIE

15 FEB

LV OMAHA (1) HOUR LATE. MARIA SICK, GB/ALS GONE, NEW GIRL CARLA JUST STARTING FOR DAWN. OFFICE MAYBE OK. MISSED TWA CONNECTION IN ST LOUIS. LATER FLIGHT TO ORLANDO, THEN MIAMI AT 2 AM. (1) HOUR LINE FOR HERTZ PICK UP, ON ROUTE 1. TO BEAT AT KEY LARGO HOLIDAY INN AT 5 AM. \$120 RATE MINUS \$20 FOR JOINING PRIORITY CLUB. THREE HOURS SLEEP SEEMED LIKE REGULAR EIGHT. AM INAUSPICIOUS START.

16 FEB

UP AT 8. TO KLSWC AT 10. SHOPPING AT 11. CHECK OUT ETC, OFF AT 2:30 PM. ARRIVE AT NEST KEY AT 4:30 PM. JUST RIGHT TO DROP ANCHOR IN 3' OF MURKY MUD 20' FROM SHORE. SO MUCH FOR THE \$72 SWORDLE GEAR (RENTED). HOWEVER A BEAUTIFUL SAIL, BEAUTIFUL NITE, AND BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF 30 YEARS! WE THOUGHT CELEBRATING ON A BOAT WAS ONLY APPROPRIATE AS WE STARTED ON ONE.

17 FEB

THE DAY! EXCHANGED GIFTS AT BREAKFAST. ME TO HER A ~~PRICE~~ PRICEY SAILBOAT CHARM AROUND THE NECK! HER TO ME, A 1990 DIARY W/ MULTI INFO ON HOLIDAYS, TIDE TABLES, ANNIVERSARY STONES ETC. 1 1/2 HOUR SAIL TO MANATEE KEY FOR LUNCH AND A NAP. THEN THROUGH MANATEE PASS WHERE WE GOT STUCK IN THE MUD/MARLE/MUCK TILL WE REPOWERED THRU. POKED INTO CAPTAIN KEY, THEN THRU ANOTHER (NO NAME) PASS TO DROP ANCHOR FOR THE NIGHT

AT (NO NAME) ISLAND. WATER HERE CLEARER  $\pm$  3' SO WENT SWORLING SORT OF, AND SWIMMING SORT OF, THEN STARTED THIS LOG.

BEAUTIFUL DAY 10-15 K WHRS S-SE, CLEAR, NO BUGS. ANCHORAGE DECEITED EXCEPT FOR ONE PESTY POWER BOAT THAT BUZZED TOO CLOSE FOR NO REASON.

18 FEB

THIRTY PLUS AND COUNTING. PEACEFUL NIGHT AT "NO NAME" ISLAND. USUAL WADE AND WALK ASHORE AMONGS THE MANGROVES.

MORNING POWER SAIL INTO COMPENS ANCHORAGE AND MARINA.  $\pm$  8 MILES @ 1 1/2 HOURS. TYPICAL POWER BOAT, FAT GUY STOP. FOUND GREAT BEACH SHACK AT PUBLIC BEACH. BLOODY MARY AND FISH SANDWICH FOR LUNCH. GREASE IN THE TROPICS, JUST RIGHT.

WEATHER GENERALLY PERFECT. WINDS  $\pm$  15 KNOTS SE. FRESHENING IN PM (I'M WRITING ON MY KNEE) CLEAR SKY WITH WIDELY SCATTERED CLOUDS. MOTORED N.E. ALONG INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY  $\pm$  3 MILES THEN SAILED OUT TO PARK KEY, VIA MANATEE FOR THE EVENING ANCHORAGE. SLIGHTLY LOST ON THE WAY FOR THE FIRST TIME. AS THEY SAY, ALL THESE ISLANDS LOOK A LIKE AND YOU SHOULD KNOW WHERE YOU ARE AT ALL TIMES.

19 FEB

NICE MORNING SAIL BACK THRU PASS AT BETWEEN NEST KEYS. WAITED OUT MINOR SQUALL BEHIND WHALEBACK KEY, THEN MOTORED ON IN TO KLSWC,



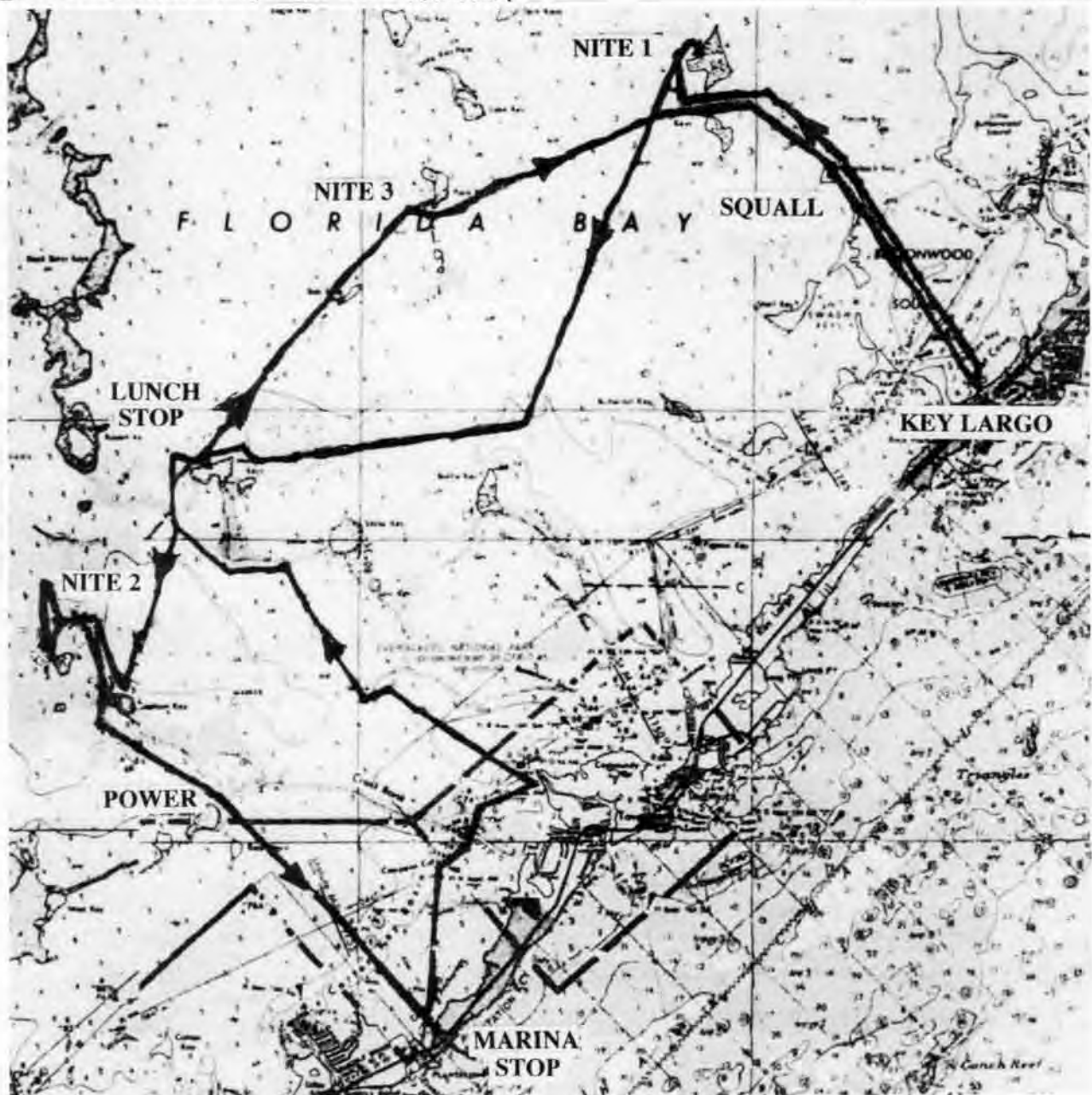
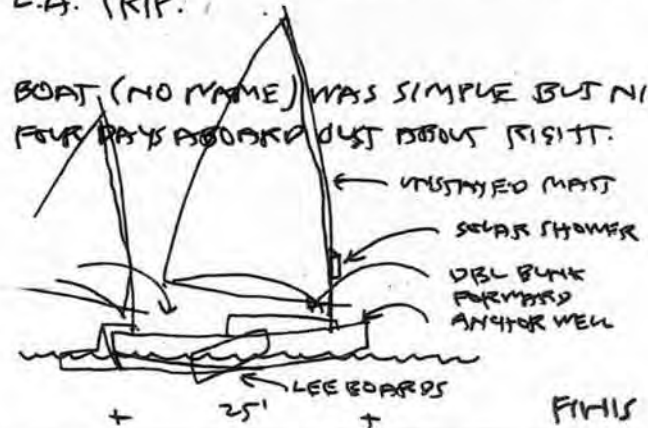
ARRIVING 1:30 PM. A COUPLE OF OTHER BOATS GOING OUT. ONE PREVIOUS TALE OF WEATHER CHANGE FROM 70° TO 30° OVERNITE! TODAY CLOUDY BUT WARM 170°.

CHECK IN CONSISTED OF PAUL ASKING IF EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT THEN \$200.00 DEPOSIT RETURNED.

CAR BATTERY DEAD, JUMP START BY PAUL THEN DROVE TO FLAMINGO IN THE EVERGLADES NATIONAL FOREST TO CHECK OUT JUDITH'S GRANDPRA CYPRESS ROOTS. TYPICAL GOVERNMENT

INSTALLATION, MILITARY LINE WITH NO LOCAL FLAVOR. NIGHT IN HOMESTEAD THEN FLIGHT HOME (1) DRY EARLY BECAUSE OF UPCOMING L.A. TRIP.

BOAT (NO NAME) WAS SIMPLE BUT NICE. FOUR DAYS BOOKED OUT ABOUT VISIT.



## Scofield Retires



Richard Scofield of Royal Oak, Maryland, has retired from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum after more than 30 years of service. Working on boats since he was 12 in his hometown of Stamford, Connecticut, Scofield has been connected to the Chesapeake region his entire life. Spending summers on the family farm in St Michaels, he has been on a sailboat as long as he can remember. He joined CBMM's shipyard during the summer of 1980 and, after four years at Higgins Yacht Yard in St Michaels, he returned under Tom Howell as a full time rigger, painter and shipwright in 1985. In 2005 Scofield became the shipyard's manager and, in 2011, was appointed Assistant Curator of Watercraft.

His responsibilities included curating and maintaining CBMM's collection of historic Chesapeake Bay watercraft, the largest in the world. In addition to assisting with many of CBMM's exhibition and restoration projects, he oversees the maintenance and crew of the 1920 buyboat, *Winnie Estelle*, which takes passengers and school groups out on scenic river and ecology cruises throughout the warmer months.

"Richard has been on our staff longer than any other staff member in the history of CBMM," said Chief Curator Pete Leshner. "His depth of knowledge about our historic boats and the stewardship he exercised toward them is inestimable. In numerous ways, he is simply irreplaceable."

Scofield began working on boats as a child in his great uncle's boatyard in Stamford, Connecticut. He later went on to earn his Bachelor of Arts in psychology from Bates College in Lewiston, Maine. Two days after graduation, however, he found work restoring and crewing on *Gleam*, the oldest active 12-meter sailboat in the world, and hasn't stopped working the trade since. Scofield has been connected to CBMM since its 1965 beginnings when his grandparents' close friends, Vida and Gus Van Lennep, helped found the museum.

Over his career, Scofield has seen CBMM grow from a small local museum to an internationally recognized institution, today drawing more than 80,000 guests annually. Reflecting on his service with CBMM, Scofield is most proud of keeping CBMM's collection of boats maintained and afloat for more than 30 years and of its professional shipwright apprentice program.

"Teaching the next generation, knowing the skills will be there to maintain boats like ours, that's so important," Scofield said. "Now, graduates from boat building schools are seeking experiences with us and often are competing for these opportunities among their peers."

"At the end of the day, it's still all about doing something different. Teaching people, helping them appreciate the Chesapeake Bay and its culture and its history."



## CBMM News

### 8th Annual Elf Classic Yacht Race

The *Elf* Classic Yacht Race returns to the Chesapeake Bay on Saturday, May 12, with the traditional yacht race departing from Annapolis and arriving at the finish line on the Miles River at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. The race features a nautical Le Mans start, beginning with a captain's meeting on land, followed by the sound of a whistle, signifying each yacht captain's mad dash to a tied up dinghy or tender. Next, the captains row out to their moored vessels and waiting crews before tying up their tenders and raising anchor, with up to 30 yachts racing off from Annapolis in a cloud of white sails across the Chesapeake Bay.

The Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and Eastport Yacht Club are sponsoring the annual race, which includes a fleet of antique and classic sailing yachts, both large and small. Race proceeds benefit CYRG and CBMM, where race participants will be greeted along CBMM's Fogg's Cove and the winners announced at a trophy reception later in the day.

Organized by CYRG, the race features America's oldest active racing yacht, the 1888 *Elf*. Restored to historically accurate condition and relaunched in 2008, *Elf* is a Lawley built 30' class cutter. *Elf* pioneered offshore yacht cruising in 1893 by being the first small craft to race round trip from Marblehead, Massachusetts, to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"It's very unusual to see a single classic yacht on any given day, so watching a fleet of them sailing away from the anchorage and into St Michaels is an incredible experience," said CYRG President and *Elf* skipper Rick Carrion.

The event begins at 8am at the Eastport Yacht Club, where spectators can watch the fleet depart Annapolis against the scenic background of the US Naval Academy. The race can be seen as it crosses the Chesapeake Bay to the Eastern Shore and into the Eastern Bay and the Miles River. The race concludes at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, where onlookers will greet the fleet of classic racing yachts as they arrive along CBMM's Miles River waterfront, anchoring off in Fogg's Cove. The race ends when all captains have rowed to shore and signed the race log on land.

To see a documentary and race footage of the *Elf* Classic, go to [bit.ly/ElfClassic](http://bit.ly/ElfClassic). To register a yacht for the race, download a complete registration package at [cyrg.org](http://cyrg.org), or contact CYRG's Rick Carrion at [cyrg.elf@gmail.com](mailto:cyrg.elf@gmail.com) or at (443) 566-2212. The racing fleet is limited, with early registration recommended, giving preference to wooden, classic and traditional yachts.

CYRG is a non profit member organization dedicated to the preservation of maritime heritage through the maintenance and operation of *Elf*. She was designed by George Lawley & Sons of South Boston, Massachusetts, and built in 1888 for William H. Wilkinson. Over the warmer months, she can be seen dockside at CBMM and under sail along the Miles River and Chesapeake Bay.



### Family Boatshop Program

CBMM is offering two more sessions of its Family Boatshop program on Saturdays, May 12 and Aug. 4. Participation is limited, with advanced registration needed. Held from 10am-4pm, participants are invited to join Jenn Kuhn, CBMM's shipyard programs manager, in the Boatshop for a family experience working on an acorn skiff (May) or building steam bent bird feeders (August).

The program is limited to children 10 years of age and older, who must be accompanied by adults. The cost includes one youth and one adult and is \$45 per session for CBMM members, or \$55 per session for non members. Registration for additional children is \$20 per child. Scholarships are available for participants in the Talbot Mentors program with registration and more information at [cbmm.org/shipyardprograms](http://cbmm.org/shipyardprograms).

### Winnie Estelle Cruises Begin

Miles River cruises aboard the *Winnie Estelle* will begin running for the 2018 season on May 18. Guests can enjoy a 45-minute scenic cruise aboard the authentic 1920 Chesapeake buyboat May through October on Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, departing from CBMM on the hour from noon to 3pm. Tickets for the cruise are \$5 for CBMM members, \$10 for non members, \$3 for non member children ages 6-17 and free for member children and all children ages 5 and under. CBMM admission is required to cruise on *Winnie Estelle*. *Winnie Estelle* is also available for private charters and special adult and youth education tours. Tickets can be purchased at CBMM's Museum Store or Welcome Center or online in advance. To learn more, visit [bit.ly/winnieestelle](http://bit.ly/winnieestelle).



## Small Boats, Big Fun

Small boats and big fun are in store for guests of all ages as the Model Guild of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and the Washington Ship Model Society host the 12th Maritime Model Expo on Saturday, May 19 and Sunday, May 20 at CBMM. The Maritime Model Expo offers CBMM guests pond demonstrations, model races, special exhibits, family activities, food and more. During the expo children will have the opportunity to build, paint, decorate and then sail their own small model in a small pool. For \$3 they can select and build a sailboat or rubber-band powerboat, assisted by a CBMM Model Guild member.

Radio-controlled (R-C) steamboat modelers will sail model boats in a large, temporary pond located on Fogg's Landing, while R-C model sailors race and sail their craft along Fogg's Cove. The pond will be used throughout the event for model steamboats and other R-C models, including sailboats, submarines, electrically driven models with modest motors and self-steered pond sailing models. On Sunday, CBMM's Model Sailing Club will race 5" R-C skipjack models on Fogg's Cove. Exhibits in the Van Lennep Auditorium will include a collection of models by Washington Ship Model Society members and other highly acclaimed modelers as well.

The two day event is open to the public and free for CBMM members or with general admission. On Sunday, May 20, the Maritime Model Expo will be combined with CBMM's Community Day, with the event and museum open to the public free of charge. For more information about the 2018 Maritime Model Expo, contact Model Guild Director Bob Mason at (410) 745-3266 or [bobmason@atlanticbb.net](mailto:bobmason@atlanticbb.net). For more information, visit [bit.ly/chesapeakefestivals](http://bit.ly/chesapeakefestivals) or call 410-745-2916.



## Model Skipjack Races Return

Model skipjack races get underway at CBMM on Sunday, May 20, as part of the 12th Maritime Model Expo and CBMM's Community Day. The race series continues on select Sundays through October, with the opportunity to watch included with regular CBMM admission and no advanced registration needed. Admission to Community Day on Sunday, May 20, is free for everyone.

The radio-controlled (R-C) sailing races are organized by CBMM's Model Sailing Club, which meets regularly throughout the year to build and race these models. Other race dates include June 24, July 15, August 19 and October 21, with the public invited to watch from 11am-1pm from CBMM's Fogg's Cove waterfront. The course will be available after the races for guests to bring and race their own R-C boats. All races are dependent on marine conditions.

Built in the early 20th century, the sail powered skipjack was once a cost effective working boat used by watermen for oyster dredging. Today, only a few remain on the Chesapeake Bay, including CBMM's skipjack, *Rosie Parks*. CBMM's Model Sailing Club races R-C models of these two sailed bateaux which, at full size, can vary from 38' to 48' in length. The 48" skipjack models are built from scratch from plans sold by the club at the Museum Store.

Started in 1983 as the St Michaels Model Boat Club, CBMM's Model Sailing Club and Maritime Model Guild continue today through its many members and volunteers. To learn more about the races, or to join the club, visit [cbmm.org/modelguild](http://cbmm.org/modelguild), or contact Commodore Gary Nylander at [gnylander@atlanticbb.net](mailto:gnylander@atlanticbb.net).



## Small Craft Rentals

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's small craft rental program launches for the 2018 season on June 2 and will continue on select weekends through October. Sailing vessels, kayaks and rowboats will be launched from CBMM's floating docks along Fogg's Cove and the Miles River. Participation is limited by the number of boats available, with drop ins welcome, but reservations encouraged.

Built over the years in CBMM's shipyard through the Apprentice for a Day program, the fleet of boats includes small wooden sailing skiffs, single and tandem kayaks and rowboats that are perfect for singles, couples or families.

The small craft boat rental program began in 2015 through the generous seed money support of donors to the Jim Greenaway Memorial Fund. The fund is named after CBMM President Kristen Greenaway's late father, an avid sailor, furniture manufacturer and boat builder, who passed away in 2015.

The program will be operating Saturdays and Sundays, June 2-10, and will expand to include Fridays June 22 through August

26, September 7-30 and October 12-21. Rentals will be closed during CBMM festivals, which are listed at [cbmm.org](http://cbmm.org). Hourly and daily rental reservations can be made from 10am to 4pm with all boats returning to CBMM's docks no later than 5pm.

"You can take one of our boats out for as little as one hour to an entire day," said CBMM Shipyard Program Manager Jennifer Kuhn. "For our guests it's a unique chance to play around on the Miles River in a hand-crafted wooden vessel."

Boat renters must be 16 years of age or older with minors accompanied by an adult unless a boater safety certificate is presented. All participants must be physically able to get in and out of a small boat without assistance. Life jackets will be provided. In the event of small craft warnings or inclement weather, the program will be cancelled. Advanced reservations are encouraged by contacting Jennifer Kuhn at [jkuhn@cbmm.org](mailto:jkuhn@cbmm.org) or 410-745-4980. To learn more, visit [cbmm.org](http://cbmm.org).



## Exploring the Chesapeake Mapping the Bay

"Exploring the Chesapeake, Mapping the Bay," a new exhibition opening Saturday, May 19, will look at the different ways the Chesapeake Bay has been portrayed over time through mapping and charting. The exhibition is generously sponsored by Ellen and Norm Plummer and the Maryland State Arts Council and continues in CBMM's Steamboat Building through March 17, 2019.

The exhibition will view changes in maps over time as an expression of what people were seeking in the Chesapeake, for natural resources, for safe passage or for commercial opportunities. The exploration begins with European exploration in the 16th century and continues with the growth of settlement in the region in the 17th and 18th centuries. Scientific surveying methods brought improved accuracy in the 19th century and special purpose maps showing railroads or tourist routes and destinations proliferated in the 20th century. More recent decades have introduced satellite imagery, geographic information systems and Google maps,



which continue to change how we view and understand the Chesapeake Bay region.

The Exhibition includes both maps (graphic representations of land features) and charts (which provide specific graphic information useful for piloting a vessel across the water). More than 40 maps and charts from CBMM's permanent collections and from several private collections are included. Guests can also walk the length and breadth of the Bay on a giant floor map or monitor the movement of commercial shipping through modern mapping technology.

"Maps and charts have helped people around the Chesapeake Bay to explore and navigate for centuries," commented CBMM Chief Curator, Pete Leshner, who is curating the exhibition. "Having CBMM's collection maps accessible, including many that will be seen by the public for the first time, is a meaningful way to connect today's audiences to the Bay's history of exploration." CBMM has a rich collection of historic maps, several of which have been exhibited from time to time, but this is the first time the Bay's story has been told by focusing specifically on maps.



One of the earliest charts of the Chesapeake Bay intended to aid mariners in navigating a safe passage, the "Pas kaart van de zee kusten van Virginia" by Claes Janszoon Vooght, was republished by Johannes van Keulen in 1684. (Private collection)

Exploring the Chesapeake looks at maps that have been created as part of a sales pitch for the region and its bounty, beginning with some of the earliest maps of the Chesapeake colonies, which sought to lure settlers to the region. Significant to the story are charts developed to help mariner's make safe passages through these waters, as improved surveying methods produced increasingly accurate charts through the 19th and 20th centuries. When the oyster fishery boomed, charts were adapted to include information about where these valuable bivalves abun-



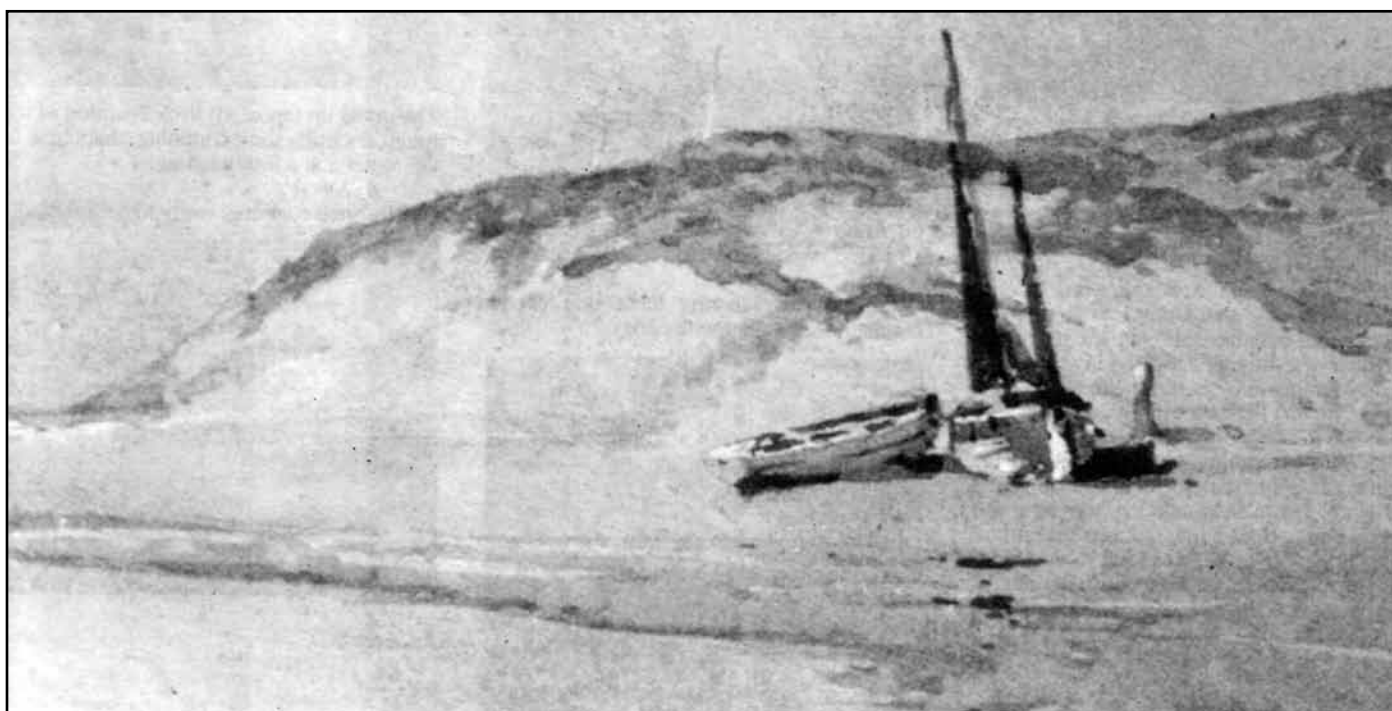
Fielding Lucas of Baltimore was the only Maryland chart maker for several decades and published several editions of this Chesapeake Bay chart that guided Bay sailors for a generation. "A Chart of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays," published by Fielding Lucas, Jr, 1832. (Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum collection, gift of Mr and Mrs Ellice MacDonald, Jr)

dantly grew along the Bay's bottom. Maps also help track how much and how fast the Chesapeake is changing, through natural changes like eroding shorelines and man-made changes, including dredged channels and artificial islands.

The exhibition is free for CBMM members or with general admission and is made possible through generous sponsors and Annual Fund support.



The "Map of the Baltimore, Atlantic and Chesapeake Railway Company and Maryland, Delaware and Virginia Railway Company," was made to guide travelers by train and aboard the company's steamboats that covered routes radiating from Baltimore. The map was made for the companies by D.P. Barnett in 1911. (Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum collection, gift of Peter D. Albertsen)



## The Eye

We were able to pick up a Harvey house around the first of the year. This little mis-sive isn't about the house but it sets the stage. While working on the house there is a lot of coming and goings, that's where this story comes in. In the wake of Harvey there is a tremendous amount of cleanup still to be done. The final cleanup was to be a month ago, well that date has changed and moved into next week.

Move it to the road edge and it's hauled for free, RVs and old boats included. Most are trash, there are a few hopefuls out there as well. So I'm coming and going, working on the house and there's a powerboat sitting on what appears to be a decent trailer, the trailer caught my eye. It caught another eye as well. I first saw him sitting in his car on two different trips, same day, looking, just looking. I knew what he was looking at.

The next time I saw the fellow he was walking back across the street, paused to let me pass. He was getting a closer look. He waved and his big grin told me he was going for it. Well, today he went for it. Had an old guy with an almost equally old farm skip holding the transom up off the ground while the tire was changed by the fellow with the glint in his eye.

Recently we, my daughter and her husband, had been sailing on what might be termed a Harvey boat. A while back another friend and I traded something, I forget just what I got, he got the Widgeon. I wanted the Widgeon back so another deal was made. I find Harry a 22' sailboat hull and get it to his house for the Widgeon.

Going by yet another friend's, there's a 22' sailboat with trailer in the pickup zone of Harvey. Harry got himself a sailboat hull, he's happy, I got the Widgeon back, I'm happy, and Linda is shaking her head from side to side. So for the original fellow, from whom this narrative began, with the glint in his eye, we understand, we because, we understand.

## Went Out Sailing

We went out, the daughter, her husband and I, sailing. We took my *Red Top* 12' and a Widgeon, about the same size, they in the Widgeon, me in my *Red Top*. Ten to 15 out of the southeast, sunny, beautiful. The son-in-law sailed that Widgeon very, very well. Circles it was, around me, and looking good.

We were both loaded with water, food and gear for five days. The insides were opened on their 12, mine had been done long ago. First stop was on an off lying island for a short stroll. Second stop, Paul's Mott, a favorite on the Texas Two Hundred run.

I checked the weather before we left, took a vote even. Winds to 23 they said. Seems they've been giving us more than they originally said. It was no different this time. This time came just before midnight, they in a tent on the beach, me aboard. Re-anchoring at midnight, not fun. Back to sleep and with a falling tide the bumping begins. Yes, thin water. Up again at 0230, puts me in a different spot, but worse. The wind waves are now battering the boat, splashing onto my bag and other clothes. A third move in the thick of the night, each time stripping to shorts and crocs, a sight to behold.

Back aboard with the muck and the mire. This is fun? With the sun I move yet again, or early light anyway. I knew better, I did, I really did, but I went anyway, not fully

## Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

prepared. The Piper almost collected big this time. The tent the young 'uns were using was nigh worthless, they were dealing with their own problems.

With the winds came the rain, then the hail. We need a plan I says, so we come up with a plan. Leave the Widgeon on the beach for future retrieval and the three of us sail back in my *Red Top*. Down on the lines, it might be said. Each of us wet and cold, it was a go now or call the cavalry. My wife's text of "rains 'til 6pm" settled it.

So we sailed, the three of us, cold and wet. The consequences could have been dire had we stayed, they could have been dire leaving but weren't. The little 12 sailed her heart out, delivered three wet misfits safe 'n sound. In a couple of days when things die down a bit, the wind, we'll go back out and sail the other gal back as well.

## Texas Sailing Yarn

By flyingfalconfast

(My daughter wrote this about our recent sail about here on the Texas coast)

We set out from Cove Harbor on a beam reach in two 12' boats. My dad in a much modified Lehman 12 with a balanced lug rig named *Red Top*, Conner and I in a sloop rigged O'Day Widgeon. We sailed circles around my dad to keep from getting too far ahead and we didn't even have the head sail up! The trip was to be a few nights, camping on the islands on the outside of the Intra-Coastal Waterway and hopefully spotting an alligator or two in Cedar Bayou as we sailed out into the Gulf proper and then making our way back home.

Day one ended at an oyster shell beach named Paul's Mott, a stopover on the Texas 200 social sail. Dinner was had and the sunset admired. Conner found an unopened and much abused looking aluminum bottle of Bud Light (perhaps a victim of the hurricane?) washed up in the mangroves which he opened with a hatchet and proceeded to imbibe. The Widgeon, not being set up for sleeping aboard and the oyster shells not being to kind to tent bottoms, we set up the tent on the only place where there was ground free from shells, a small, dried mud depression my dad said "might fill in a hard rain." He slept on his boat.

At midnight the wind picked up dramatically and shifted to be blowing from the north. The boats were being blown onshore and had to be moved down the beach and around a little corner, their anchors re set in the shells. And then came the rain... The following morning was gray and the wind was still howling from the north, but the rain had abated long enough for us to strike camp and my dad to come ashore and tell us that, having failed to set up a boom tent, his sleeping bag and most of his clothes were soaked through.

We huddled behind a piece of an old dock (also blown ashore during Harvey) set up for a wind break and talked about waiting it out while we ate breakfast. Our day's destination was north and there was no way we would be making headway as long as the wind was blowing the way it was. Breakfast com-

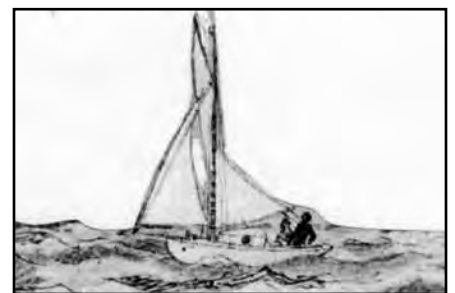
pleted, the rain began again, and this time in earnest, falling from the sky in buckets and soon accompanied by hail the size of marbles.

My dad put up his boom tent and we all cambered aboard to wait out the worst of the squall. Each of us dripping, cold and wondering if this was something we could wait out. Conner texted Linda, my dad's wife, and got the news that the rain was going to continue until dark with no change in wind. And so we decided to turn tail and head back towards home. Gear was shifted and the Widgeon left anchored on the beach, a note written in pencil that we would return and with a phone number scrawled on the bulkhead. The waves, strength of the wind and unfinished reef points on its sail made the small open sailboat a liability and we all piled into *Red Top* for the return trip, wet and wondering when we'd be coming back for the Widgeon.

The norther was still blowing hard the next day and the day after that as well, before shifting to blow from the east. Conner and my dad headed out in the afternoon but made little headway with the wind on the nose. The next day was the same, but was predicted to shift and again be blowing from the south for a short time before another small system came in from the north. It was our window and we rose early to take it only to find the flags hanging limp on their poles. A couple of hours later there was enough of a stir to warrant setting out and so we did. The water was glassy and the breeze barely enough to keep the sail pushing us forward. But progress was made and the breeze began to freshen as we approached the island and turned down wind to make our way back to Paul's Mott.

Conner was the first to spot the small white patch on the shore that indicated that the boat was still there. We made our way to shore and my dad quickly took off, claiming that his balanced lug allowed him a handicap. Conner and I set the boat to rights, stowing gear and sponging out the accumulated rainwater before raising sail and setting out to catch up to my dad, which we did handily.

The wind was off the port quarter and we were able to point much closer into the wind than my dad with the balanced lug and we made it back to Cove Harbor on a single tack, more than an hour ahead of my dad. While we waited for him to catch up we raced a family of dolphins (who won every time) and watched them play and swim in the shallow bay just past the mouth of the marina. One was young, half the size of his companions, and all seemed just as happy to keep us from getting too big of heads about how fast our little boat was. My dad sailed in and we made our way to the docks, struck sail and claimed Mission Rescue Widgeon a success.



Messing About in Boats, May 2018 – 13

## Yachts

Living aboard is an idea. Living aboard in Florida or the Caribbean is the usual idea. Living aboard in the South Pacific or around Hawaii is a better, but living aboard in Duluth, Minnesota, all winter long seems to be a really bad, bad idea. Gary Bratten did just that, and he wrote about it in a rather remarkable tale in *Good Old Boat*.

He commenced by using Kasco de icers (sort of trolling motors hung overboard that keep the water moving). He used PVC tubing and tarps to keep the snow from accumulating and the snow load off the boat. He calculated the BTUs necessary to maintain warmth and purchased propane heaters before shrink-wrapping the boat. With the use of a couple of fans and some air exchangers built out of PVC joints and beer cans (yes, beer cans), this intrepid and ingenious skipper, albeit weird, managed to have a decent shelter for a Northern Minnesota winter.

The Great Tortoise says, "Never judge a Captain by the size of his dinghy."

Every sailor knows the significance of lines, be they manila or synthetic. Rope making has been an institution since the Neanderthal period and the manufacturing of ropes is rather intriguing. All good sailors (and some not so good sailors) know that it starts with fibers that are twisted into yarn that is itself twisted in the opposite direction into strands, and if really carried away the strands can be twisted into very large rope. Only lubbers refer to rope as "rope" except when it is in storage. Once it is to be utilized in some fashion, it becomes "line."

As early as 1641, John Harrison, a British rope maker, built a ropewalk in Boston, and within a couple of years had a monopoly on ropes made from native and imported hemp. Since ropes of incredible lengths were essential to the sailing ships, the ropes were constructed in narrow but very long buildings sometimes in excess of a quarter mile. The machinery for creating rope was extraordinarily simple involving a round revolving disk with attachments for yarn or strands. A small trolley ran the length of the building keeping the yarns twisting and in proper alignment.

While most line was used as stays and shrouds or for anchors, sailors quickly adopted leftover yarns to make decorative knots for everything from fids to knife handles. Most marine museums have a display of seam irons and railings lovingly beautified by knots. Clifford Ashley became the most famous of marlinespike experts and his book remains the Bible of knots. Turk's head is a lovely decoration but is beyond the ability of this writer.

The Great Tortoise says, "Often a person's name leads him (or her) to a specific profession." Examples include Larry Horn the trumpeter; Dr Head, a psychologist or Mr Wren, an ornithologist. Guess what Stanley Seaman did for a living?

The Florida Darwin Award runner up goes to a Colorado couple who, after great forethought and cogitation, sold everything they had in order to purchase a lovely sailboat in which they were going to sail around the world and experience all the joys of the South Pacific, the Med and the Gulf.

Day 1, the Experiential Learning Lesson consisted of trial and error in the simple task of sailing. Day 2 found the couple full of themselves and unfettered confidence as they sailed around in the waters off the Florida coast. When darkness settled in over



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

Sunset Beach, the couple decided to motor through John's Pass between Treasure Island (where we were staying) and Madeira Beach (across the bridge). On the Madeira side of the Pass is a typical Florida tourist place full of Hooters, Bubba Gump Shrimp Company, tee shirt shops, Tiki bars, cheap but expensive tourist junk and restaurants galore. Put it another way, it tends to be swarming with people from dawn until late at night, and in this instance everyone was watching this sailboat come through the Pass at night.

Evidently they had no maps or charts or electronic equipment that they knew how to use. But as all newbies know, when all else fails, go full throttle. And, as expected under the circumstances, they ran aground, ripping off their keel and the bottom of their boat, virtually sinking immediately. Both nautical geniuses managed to get off said craft and make it to shore. Fortunately, their dog, a wonderfully unwary like pug, abandoned ship and learned something no pug ever even thought about, how to swim. As an owner of pugs, I can't believe these people were allowed to be owned by a pug.

While we all scoff at the stupidity of the novice couple, they did teach us all a spectacular lesson. They instantly started a "Go Fund Me" site and within a couple of days had more money than they were worth to begin with. Why can't my financial advisor come up with something like this?

The above were not alone in their quest for a Darwin Award, six people borrowed a 24' Grady White Boat. Ignoring the telltale signs of problems, the beer smitten crew allowed the bilge to fill with water because of a breakdown of a through hull opening. It did not take too long before the green waters of the Gulf entered the cabin and swamped the boat. The benevolent Coast Guard rescued them six miles out. At last report, the owner was trying to salvage his half sunken boat.

During the same month as the above two stories (I love the *Tampa Bay Times*) two fishing boats collided head on seriously injuring two and killing one. It seems that a 20' Bay Boat was doing what all multi engine fishing boats do, going as fast as possible, and cut a corner off a peninsula a tad bit too short, smashing into a 10' Jon boat utterly and totally destroying the smaller vessel and killing the elderly man heading out to catch pan fish. When questioned about the speed of the larger boat, authorities simply shook their heads.

### White Fleet

Twenty-seven million people took a cruise in 2017. Cruise Line Association donated \$30 million to hurricane relief this year. One hundred sixty-one nations participated in the Standard for Training, Certification and Watchkeeping. Forty thousand ships will require retrofitting by 2019 when the Ballast Water Management Convention takes effect. And 5.3 million people travelled through the Port of Miami last year.

Viking Cruise Lines is pushing for smaller riverboats that have many stops so passengers can enjoy the culture of the areas. Currently their river trips in Europe and Asia are at 97% capacity despite no spas, casinos, or children facilities and game rooms.

Viking Cruise Lines have ended talks with communities along the Mississippi. They had intended on expanding their river cruises to those communities if they could provide appropriate landing sites. River towns, especially in declining areas, were excited about a new industry coming to town. Unfortunately, Viking and those cities involved ran into a brick wall (or should that be "dam") called the Jones Act that prohibits any ship or boat trading on United States waters unless the vessel is US built, owned by a US company, and crewed by US citizens.

Genting of Hong Kong announced that their Global class cruise ship will be sold to Dream Cruises instead of Star Cruises. This behemoth is a 204,000-ton floating vacation with a plethora of Artificial Intelligence "things" using facial and voice recognition and robots for menial tasks.

Norwegian Cruise Line Holdings showed off a rendition of their new terminal at Port Miami from where they have sailed for 50 years. Starting this summer, the modern art terminal will be completed by 2019. The building itself is expected to be 166,500 square feet and able to handle the big 5,000 plus passenger liners. The cost of the structure is not cited, but Miami Dade County officials told the press that the county is adding \$100 million to the kitty.

For those who have the time and the money for a phenomenal cruise, Oceania proffers a 180-day around the world trip. "Travel is meant to be life changing and that was our goal when we set out to chart this most monumental of world voyages," stated Bob Binder, President and CEO of Oceania Cruises. "The people you meet, the experiences you have and the places you visit will make an indelible impression which you'll cherish and relive for years to come."

The trip includes four crossings of the equator, travel through 27 time zones, visits to 38 countries and 95 ports of call. The ship will allow 67 accessible UNESCO World Heritage sites. The voyage is approximately 44,090 nautical miles (but who's counting?) across three oceans and 18 seas. Cost of the vacation was not mentioned, however, if you have to ask, you can't afford it.

### Merchant Fleet

OSU operator, Bourbon, suffered a \$740 million loss last year. They have eliminated one officer and one seaman per ship and are selling 41 ships. Their shipping was down 55% in 2017.

Japan's Mitsui OSK Lines and Nippon Concept Corp are sharing networks and proffering joint operations. The former (MOL) is purchasing 15% of Nippon. This ensures that NCC will be primarily the freighter of chlorofluro carbons.

India owned Oil and Natural Gas Company's *Sagar Bhushai* suffered a massive explosion and fire that killed five dockworkers. The men were trying to repair a ballast tank while the ship was in dry dock at Cochín.

Ching Fu shipbuilders's CEO, his son, his wife and two executives were charged with fraud. Taiwan's Kaohsiung prosecutors claimed that hundreds of millions of dollars were scammed from the government. They also used

fake documents to secure \$1.1 billion in loans. That ain't chicken feed, swabbies.

Rolls Royce Marine, Bay Delta Maritime and Nichols Brothers Boat Building have joined forces with Crowley Maritime Architecture to design a hybrid tugboat. Typically a tug needs about 2,500kw for power. This new concept uses much smaller engines. While the above named folks are touting their design as the first truly hybrid tug, Foss Maritime used lead acid batteries for assistance, and Robert Allen used triple thruster hybrid rotor tugs in Holland.

### Gray Fleet

The only ship in the current US Navy fleet to have sunk an enemy warship in battle is "Old Ironsides," the *USS Constitution*.

During World War I, then Lt Chester Nimitz and Lt Cdr Henry Dinger developed the amazing concept of replenishing ships by refueling vessels at sea. Originally it was pretty messy but the *USS Maumee* (AO-2) actually did pass oil to another ship while underway on May 28, 1917. Unfortunately the idea failed to reach a consistent operational model until the middle of World War II. Adm Raymond Spruance is cited as the man who really perfected the idea in 1944!

Read just about any book on World War II and you'll find that virtually all historians have failed to recognize this significant fact. While ships were replenished at sea from 1939 onward, it was a difficult affair for which skippers were untrained. No less than official historian of the Navy in World War II, Dr Samuel Eliot Morison (Harvard, of course) reamed Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher and others for not replenishing in the face of possible battle. Morison, a scholar and not a sailor, did not comprehend the difficulty and inexperience bedeviling logistic transfer in early 1942. Even Spruance himself figured that refueling took one day and two nights to allow three evolutions of fuel, supplies and ammunition.

In 1957, Chief of Naval Operations, Arleigh Burke, oversaw the development of fast combat store ships (AEOs), that could advance resupply in one single operation. This was further advanced in 1972 with the birth of the Military Sealift Command, a joint military and civilian entity for logistics. In 2017, the Navy has advanced E-Stream, a high speed, heavy load system that can now transfer 25 loads of 12,000lbs rather than 12 loads or 50 loads of 6,000lbs.

General Dwight Eisenhower once was asked what was the key to winning the war. He responded, "Logistics, logistics, logistics." Today's Navy can do that really, really well.

The Government Accountability Office (GAO) said, "The cost of a ship's crew is the single largest cost incurred over the ship's life cycle." A single crewmember costs about \$120,000 per year (salary, food, clothing, etc). With the falling rate of enlistment and the decrease of reenlistment, large crews aboard ships are a chronic budgetary problem. The Navy now starts with "Zero Manning" and examines every duty aboard a ship in order to find the least number of crew to man (written on National Women's Day) a ship during operations. One shortcoming of this assessment is that the *USS Zumwalt* needed a crew of 95 and not 148 as originally planned, however, in real life sailing it was discovered that 95 could not cut the mustard and the number was increased to 114 that also were inadequate. Evidently adding and subtracting crew at a desk in the Pentagon does not correlate well with the crew needed while actually at sea.

The Great Tortoise says, "Correlations do suggest causation. If so, a perfect correlation exists between drug addicts and drinking milk as a child."

The Liberty Ship, *SS Jeremiah O'Brien*, returned to Pier 45 in San Francisco after a stint in a Vallejo, California, shipyard. Every five years the ship must be fully inspected and repaired to retain Coast Guard and American Shipping Bureau certification. The vessel was sand blasted and painted, props, rudders and shafts were repaired and tanks were coated.

### Inland Waterways

The beloved *Julia Bell Swain*, a paddleboat once owned by musician and singer John Hartford ("Gentle on My Mind") again fears for its life due to a lethal combination of financial woes, bureaucracy and administrative snags. The Coast Guard hammered it with constant and ponderous inspections. A foundation bought the boat in 2013 for \$250,000. It collected \$508,999 against expenses of \$155,349 and liabilities of \$40,106 during 2014. The next year contributions were \$1,026,382 against expenses of \$109,578 and liabilities of \$353,650. The boat was sold to a secret owner in 2017. Questions anyone?

Michigan Boating Industries Association inducted Eric Foster in their Hall of Fame. Foster who managed to complete his BA at

Michigan in three-and-a-half years (not that he's bragging) is a CPA and president of the Harbor/Marina Management and partner in Belle Maer Harbor in his home state.

Jim Krause, harbormaster at Belle Maer, was awarded the Raymond Underwood Lifetime Achievement award. He was born and raised on Lake St Clair. Bravo Zulu to both.

### Environment

Reggie McLeod, publisher of *Big River Magazine*, continues to be a voice for the environment along the Mississippi when he stated in his last edition, "It costs a lot less to keep a ton of carbon dioxide out of the atmosphere than it costs to remove it. It costs a lot less to keep a ton of phosphorous out of the river than to remove it." This comment says it all, doesn't it?

3M, the giant tech company, is being sued by the state of Minnesota for knowingly contaminating the waterways for decades by dumping perfluorocarbons (PFC) in the river. PFCs are used in Scotchguard, Teflon and other products. Cancer rates in the county are 30% higher than the rest of the state.

Below the city, the University of Dubuque found high levels of fecal coliform bacteria six times greater than allowed in the Mississippi. Water from above Dubuque was within state and national regulations. The city's water treatment facility is poor while septic systems, leaking sanitary sewers, feed-lot manure and storm water are also blamed. Aluminum, phosphorous and nitrates were too high. Dubuque is the home of Star Brewery and the birthplace of Red Strip beer. Don't drink the water, drink the beer.

The University of Minnesota (Sky U Mah?) has invented a pollution sponge that sucks up mercury from water. Not quite what the divers in Tarpon Springs, Florida, are harvesting.

Those of us who reside in snow country love to see those guys out with the salt and sand during ice storms (although salt doesn't work well in very cold weather). Minnesota dumps 370 tons of salt on its roads annually. One teaspoon of salt permanently pollutes five gallons of water, and a ton of salt does about \$1,500 worth of corrosion.

The Great Tortoise says, "Doing things without a purpose does not yield the result you desire, because nothing was desired."


(Great Tortoise quotes are paraphrased or stolen directly from Bob Bitchin or Michael Reisig.)



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We are quite proud of our John Gardner TSCA Chapter and its storied history. That being said, however, we do not consider ourselves excessively special. We clearly benefit from those who have gone before as well as the safety net of National TSCA and its many chapters. We are a Chapter active in building traditional dories, successfully racing them and sharing those skills with interested groups including students and the general public. We have numerous advantages which greatly assist our efforts.

We were present at the creation of TSCA, have a close affiliation with Mystic Seaport as well as our host, the University of Connecticut at Avery Point. Having early members who supported the cause of keeping traditional boats free of overly restrictive regulations, we have at our core the mission to continue to build traditional boats and equally importantly, use them. We also have inherited the freedom to loosely define traditional boats to include later designs and modern materials. Simply put, it is Oar and Sail that count.

Our affiliation with Mystic Seaport, which is just around the Point and up the river, gives us a history of participating in, and sometimes leading, the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop since its initiation in 1970. Most of us routinely started our boating seasons the first weekend on June. Many of us also have in the past, or currently still, volunteered at the Seaport, particularly at the John Gardner Boatshop refurbishing Beetle Cats or applying putty and paint on the summer Livery vessels.

Very important to our Chapter is support from UCONN at Avery Point. They had the foresight to allow us use of Building 36 as a Community Boathouse. We have use of this shop 24/7. How wonderful! The University is our full partner. Professor Jones often held classes in our shop, his lectern still holds a place of honor over by the door. That tradition lives on with our maritime studies student, Maggie Waldron, studying dories and her senior capstone project of building a pair of oars under the expert tutelage of retired shop teacher Bill Armitage and Dan Nelson, former Captain of UCONN's research vessel, the *Connecticut*. We interact with their student environmental club, the UCONN Huskies, barbecuing hot dogs and hamburgers for lunch after the annual Pine Island cleanup. Their environmental professor, Syma Ebbin, spoke at our annual meeting touching on her fisheries research and Sea Grant program. We are very intertwined with the Avery Point maritime program.

Karen and I come from a long involvement with TSCA, being charter members of the Sacramento Chapter with its emphasis on the water activities and the Delaware River Chapter, which has activities and programs all year long. What Karen and I bring to the party is our newsletter efforts, learned from Delaware (and it helps having a professional graphic artist in the family).

Our Chapter most importantly is a part of the national TSCA network of chapters. The technology which allows us to electronically publish a newsletter for free also provides the means for the National to communicate by email and Skype, so face to face meetings over lunch in the Seaport's Galley are no longer required. Have we lost something in limiting face to face personal contact? Yes, but look at the geographical diversity we have gained.

# JGTSCA

## John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association



## About the John Gardner TSCA Chapter

By Bill Rutherford

We strive to live up to our special history and unique circumstances, but so do others like the Maine Chapter which, every July, hosts their major Small Reach Regatta. We hope that folks find our newsletter informing, inspirational and entertaining. We greatly appreciate your support reprinting parts of our newsletter in *MAIB* reaching out to many beyond our immediate locality.

For some in depth research on my part, I hustled over to the Avery Point Boathouse and photographed the documents framed on the wall. It is my understanding that under the initiative of Eleanor Watson, John Gardner's long time assistant, a TSCA Chapter local to Mystic was started in late summer and fall of 1999 at the Avery Point campus of the University of Connecticut (UConn-Avery Point). I believe the purpose was to

honor John's memory (he passed away a few years prior in 1995), foster the building and use of traditional rowing and sailing craft in the local area by providing a full time location for a Community centered boathouse. This, of course, was in coordination with Mystic Seaport Museum (MSM) who continued to sponsor the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop (JGSCW), operate the Boathouse Livery and John Gardner Boatshop, all on MSM's campus.

About that time MSM decided not to continue new builds of traditional small craft in their Boatshop. Enter UCONN-Avery Point who generously offered the use of an outbuilding as a center for building as well as using traditional small craft.

The Community Boathouse, under the auspices of the freshly formed John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA (JGTSCA), immediately became a center of enthusiasts who built copies of a local dory, kept making it lighter and lighter and successfully campaigned it up the coast to win the Blackburn Challenge, among others. Local high school kids, college students and members learned woodworking skills and boat handling as well as the fine art of picking up trash on nearby public islands. Russ Smith, Phil Behney and Bill Armitage led those efforts and rowed to championships. Bill Armitage went even further, he built a guideboat, then camp-cruised the length of the Erie Canal. These efforts continue today with Bill and Dan Nelson mentoring a UCONN-Avery Point Senior's capstone project, making and writing about maritime trades and building a pair of oars.

The documentation I found included the notice of the "First and Exploratory Meeting of the John Gardner Chapter of TSCA" and the agenda of "The First Constructive Meeting Held at Avery Point, University of Connecticut." I summarize both below:

"First and Exploratory Meeting of the John Gardner Chapter of TSCA will be held on August 14, 1999, at 11am at Mystic Seaport Museum, Blount White Library in the Munson Room, RSVP to Eleanor Watson, Noank, Connecticut (if you are not a MS Museum member, show this note at North Gate entrance)."

"The John Gardner Chapter of TSCA, The First Constructive Meeting to be Held at Avery Point, University of Connecticut, Branford House, Saturday, October 30, 1999, 11am-1pm. The agenda will include:

1. Election of Officers
2. Presentation by John Summers concerning his project in Newport with Coronet. John was Curator of Small Craft at the Maritime Museum in Toronto, Canada
3. Presentations by Tom Duguay, Business Manager and Joe Comprone, Associate Vice Chancellor and Campus Director, both of Avery Point, concerning their exciting ideas for being involved with TSCA and especially the John Gardner Chapter
4. An opportunity for those present to voice opinions, ideas, suggestions or any other business.

Respectfully submitted, Eleanor E. Watson, Noank, Connecticut

I was not present at the Creation, as they say, but it is my understanding that Russ Smith was our first leader, with charter members including Eleanor Watson, Phil Behney, Bill Armitage, Rob Pittaway, John Symons, John Hacunda and Peter Vermilya as well as many others who have been active over the



years, including Tim Weaver, who wrote an excellent summary of John Gardner's (and ours) philosophy that is posted on our website JGTSCA.org under Gallery, Features, "John Gardner: the Beginnings." Professor Steve Jones remains a very positive force who right up to his retirement often held classes in the Boathouse amid our sawdust, shavings and partially completed boats.

It is a credit to our founders that so many community activities have been centered on this Boathouse and that similar programs continue to this day.

I would humbly like to mention it was Prof Steve Jones and Eleanor Watson who started the Chapter along with Rob Pittaway. I was dragged in because I was young and active with the small boats at Mystic Seaport. They voted me the first President because I was late to the first official meeting! Eleanor Watson turned to me one Small Craft weekend and announced it was a damn shame we had the TSCA headquarters in Mystic but no Chapter! I just shook my head and agreed and the next I knew we met at the MSM library and we started talking locations for a boat-house. Steven Jones offered his personal yard in West Mystic. He then secured the Avery Point location. The first Administration in charge of the Campus were very supportive and added the heat and the lights. We were in charge of the maintenance of the building railings and windows. George Spragg took care of that.

Russ Smith adds some color to the early days. He is far too modest, my understanding is that he was a great first leader, initiating yard sales for funds, soliciting donations of shop equipment and leading youth rowing programs, which he is still doing under a follow on chapter, the Thames River TSCA. His comments were as follows:

"My thoughts about the start of the Chapter were that UConn students would break down the doors to get in there and mess around with boats. That did not happen. We offered classes in their curriculum and had dismal results. Bill Armitage ran some classes then that fizzled out. John Gardner really did state that the only way to keep small boats popular was through our young people, that's how we got our Statement of Purpose. We need to keep the place attracting young people in order for it to perpetuate."

The Statement of Purpose to which Russ refers is on our website home page: "Our obligation is to make sure that the richness of our small craft heritage is passed on intact to the generation that will come after us. (John Gardner)

We hope to see many of you at this year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, jointly sponsored by our chapter, the Seaport and WoodenBoat at the Wooden Boat Show in late June at Mystic Seaport.  
John Gardner

## Small Craft Workshop June 22 - June 24

The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop will again be held during the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport Friday to Sunday, June 22-24 from 9am to 5pm, hosted by the Traditional Small Craft Association's John Gardner Chapter.

In addition to having a booth to acquaint show attendees with the TSCA, there will also be demonstrations of skills that

enhance the traditional small boat experience. Mystic Seaport Boathouse craft will be available at no charge for participants to use. We are hoping for a continuous backdrop to the show of traditional small craft in action on the river.

Workshop participants can register to stay onboard the full rigged *Joseph Conrad* on Friday and Saturday nights.

Registration for the Small Craft Workshop also includes admission to the WoodenBoat Show all three days at no additional cost. We will be having early check in this year for advance registrants starting 7am Friday and Saturday mornings so you can bring in your car top boats before the gates close at 9am. Of course you can launch all day at nearby Isham Street.

Registration information is posted online at MysticSeaport.org. Click on Visit, Calendar and scroll on down to Small Craft Workshop June 22-24. If interested in staffing the booth or demonstrating a skill, add a note on the registration form or contact Bill Rutherford at [smallcrafter@gmail.com](mailto:smallcrafter@gmail.com) or (860) 222-5249. If off the grid, just give Bill Rutherford a call or drop him a line at 26 NW St, Stonington, CT.

### Workshop Activities

#### Demonstrations and Workshops

Attendees are encouraged to help with a workshop, staff the TSCA booth at Australia Beach or give a demonstration of some skill such as sail rigging, sculling, boat building, hardware making, etc. If you have a skill that you would like to demonstrate, please volunteer. Demonstrations usually last about half an hour and will be held at 11am, 1pm and 3pm each day.

#### Get out on the Water Together

At 8am on Saturday and Sunday mornings, there will be a cruise in company open to all workshop attendees. We will gather at the Australia Beach at 8am and cruise either upriver past the highway bridge to the beautiful salt marshes or downriver past the Museum Village with classic yachts on their moorings. And new this year, at 4pm on Saturday, we plan to rig for sail and informally cruise along the Museum waterfront.

#### Tour the Mystic Seaport Small Boat Collection

The Museum's Small Boat Collection is not normally open to the public but will be open each day of the Show from 2:30pm to 4:30pm and is accessed through the loading dock doors in the rear of the Collections Building across from Latitude 41. We will offer a guided tour of the Collection leaving from the TSCA Booth at Australia Beach at 2:30pm both Saturday and Sunday after-noon.

#### Saturday Night Potluck Dinner

An offsite potluck dinner will be organized for participants. See Bill or Karen Rutherford at the event.

#### Special this Year

We plan a rowing workshop, open to the public, at 1pm Saturday afternoon, complete with opportunities to try your hand rowing a racing shell, sliding seat or traditional fixed seat. John Gardner TSCA dories will be available as we all pitch in to share our various ways to row. We also expect a few Viking era boats will be available as well if they stick around from the previous Viking weekend, including Ben Fuller's *Afjordsfaering Liten Kuling*.

All TSCA members are encouraged to attend with or without your own boats. There

is plenty to do if you don't bring your own vessel. Launching and parking details are posted on line in the "Letter SCW Participants 2018" as well as with your registration materials. Come and enjoy the WoodenBoat Show, Mystic Seaport and the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, all seen from the thwart of a traditional small boat.

## Just Who Was John Gardner Anyway?

By Bob Hicks

(It appears that there are those more recently attracted to our messing about in boats who know only of his name and not much about who he was and what he did. Herewith a short summary of his life, drawn in part from obituaries published upon his death in 1995.)



John Gardner, while the Associate Curator of Small Craft at the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut, sounded the alarm in 1970 over proposed regulations governing the building and use of small boats that would have effectively put builders of traditional small boats out of business. His call to arms resulted in the formation of the Traditional Small Craft Association to represent the builders and users of such craft. Today the lobbying part is gone due to the efforts of Gardner and the TSCA while the group itself carries on as a sort of fraternal organization of true believers.

Gardner was founder of the boat building classes at the museum and taught thousands of people to build small wooden boats using traditional 19th century methods. A venerated figure, he was known to his colleagues for his encyclopedic knowledge of world history and his extensive vocabulary.

But for all his erudition, nothing Mr Gardner learned from school or from his voluminous reading made as much impression as the simple lessons of coastal craftsmanship he learned as a boy in Calais, Maine. Like generations of New Englanders before them, his father and grandfather made boats for their personal use, cutting the wood for their construction at the same time that they cut firewood for the winter. By the time he went to college, to the Maine Normal School, Mr Gardner had acquired the skills that he would pass on.

Despite this background it took a while for Gardner to return to his life's calling. Initially intending a career as a teacher, he received a master's from Teachers College at



Columbia University in 1932, but was almost immediately distracted by the Depression, his populist leanings and the experience of hobnobbing with radical socialists in Greenwich Village coffeehouses. He spent the rest of the '30s as a full time radical, participating in a march on Washington, picketing the White House and working as a labor organizer for the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

He eventually took a job as a professional boat builder in Marblehead, Massachusetts, in 1940 and later worked in a boatyard in Quincy, Massachusetts, turning out picket boats and other craft for World War II. He found his first major platform for popularizing small boats when he joined *The Maine Coast Fisherman* magazine, now called *National Fisherman*, in 1940 as Technical Editor. He held that position for the rest of his life.

By 1969, when he joined Mystic Seaport Museum, he had a large and devoted following. When he began his boat building classes the next year, they were an almost instant success, drawing aficionados who drove three hours or more to learn how to use rudimentary tools, like wooden planes, spokeshaves, drawknives, the adz and the broadax to build peapods, Swampscott dories, Rushtons and Whitehalls. An expert in the history of small boats, Gardner built a copy of the racing boat given to Lafayette on a tour of the United States in the 1820s.

Gardner wrote books on boat building, and believed that museums should not be static repositories. Under his prodding, Mystic started a livery where visitors can rent historic boats and replicas.

But for all his devotion to boat building, Gardner's interest in boats apparently ended at the water's edge. When a colleague once asked him out for a sail, Mr Gardner told him that he had not been on the water in 25 years and had no intention of going again.

John Gardner died in 1995 at age 90, two months after he retired. His influence lives on amongst those who love traditional small craft, not only in the ongoing existence of the TSCA but also in the following of his books:

*Woodenboats to Build and Use*, Mystic Seaport Museum, ISBN 0913372781

*Building Classic Small Craft*, International Marine/Ragged Mountain Press, ISBN 007142797X

*More Building Classic Small Craft*, a re-issue of *Building Classic Small Craft*

*The Dory Book*, Mystic Seaport Museum, ISBN 0-913372-44-7

*Classic Small Craft You Can Build and Use*, Mystic Seaport Museum, ISBN 0913372668

*Building Classic Small Craft: Complete Plans and Instructions for Building 47 Boats*, includes *Building Classic Small Craft* & *More Building Classic Small Craft*





# JGTSCA

John Gardner Traditional  
Small Craft Association



Welcome to  
**John Gardner  
Traditional Small Craft  
Association**

Visit us at the Community Boat House:  
Building #36  
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1084 Shennecossett Rd  
Groton, CT 06340

Local: [www.JGTSCA.org](http://www.JGTSCA.org)  
[www.facebook.com/JGTSCA](https://www.facebook.com/JGTSCA)  
National: [www.TSCA.net](http://www.TSCA.net)

We invite you to attend  
one of our meetings, go for a row,  
or get involved with our next  
boatbuilding project.

**Next Meeting: Sunday, March 4th**  
**Potluck at 12:30PM,**  
**Meeting to follow**

## Small Craft Notes from Sharon Brown: The Good Little Skiffs

Article by Sharon Brown

*The Good Little Skiffs, 13'6" x 4'4", WALDO HOWLAND, built 1995 (Mystic Seaport Museum E.2013.54), PETE CULLER built 1996 and GEORGE KELLEY, built 1996 (see Bray, M., B. Fuller, & P. Vermilya, 2001, Mystic Seaport Watercraft Catalog, p. 55-56).*



*At the 1991 Small Craft Workshop Jonathan Boulware enjoys a turn at the oars on AMIABLE, the family Good Little Skiff first brought to the workshop in 1972 by her then owner Edgar F. Hanks. John Little of Old Lyme, Connecticut built her in 1972 (Sharon Brown Photograph).*

John Gardner extolled the Good Little Skiff design. "This rugged little 13 1/2' flat-bottom, cross-planked skiff with her more than 4' of beam is distinctive in several respects: for her able, seakindly performance, her jaunty good looks, and not the least, for her simple, inexpensive construction which makes her especially attractive to the amateur builder. Here is a flat-bottom boat with character in the real sense of that much abused word--her flaring clinker sides, raking stern, well-rockered bottom and ample sheer, all these unite to give a striking craft, one that rows and sails equally well, that can navigate both in deep and shoal water and that can ground out and sit upright on the beach without damage" (1972 *National Fisherman* March).

Three Good Little Skiffs were built to R.D. 'Pete' Culler's plans in Mystic Seaport's John Gardner Boat Shop by Barry Thomas and Chris Rawlings. They were planked in white cedar with white oak frames, thwart risers, chine logs, stem, and transom; hackmatack breasthook and stern knees; and white pine thwarts and u-shaped stern bench. The cross planked cedar bottom was fitted with an



During the same workshop Ben Fuller steps the mast of his Good Little Skiff built in 1976 by Fred Kemp of St. Michaels, Maryland; following Pete Culler's philosophy of maintenance she has seen 40+ years of active use (Sharon Brown Photograph).

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oak skeg and built for sail with oak centerboard. The hulls were copper rivet and bronze screw fastened. They have the rugged look of a Culler design with a prominent stem. Topsides flare to maximum beam forward of the mid thwart, and to some eyes, a slight powderhorn develops in the sheer line.

These are sailing models, but only WALDO HOWLAND was launched ready to sail and incorporated into the Friday Boathandling Classes offered at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse (1988 through 2009). Fitted with two sets of rowlock pads, the forward station is optional as the thwart is not fastened. The mast is stepped through the small forward thwart and her transom fitted with pintle and gudgeon for the rudder, and a notch for sculling or steering with a long oar. Her

simple sprit rig is portable, the loose footed sail laced on the mast and the sprit set in the snotter, the sheet lead through a grommet on the line traveler secured with stopper knots in holes drilled in the transom knees. Her Nat Wilson built cotton sail of about 70 square feet lifts her along in a breeze and she is rowed with leathered 7 1/2' Culler designed straight bladed diamond cross-sectioned oars of ash. Easy for all to row, she requires agility to sail. Youth may prefer to abandon the short tiller and rudder and stand in the stern sheets at the steering oar and balance her, shifting weight to tack, or grandstand on a run over the flats on a summer afternoon. The Good Little Skiff reflects Culler's philosophy that sail should be auxiliary to a good rowing boat and simple, interesting options possible for propulsion (1978, *Boats, Oars and Rowing*, International Marine, ME).

Rawlings painted the hulls in bright exterior latex colors of mauve, yellow, and rose against a dark green sheer and rubrail with contrasting bead of red or yellow. The inside hulls were grey and the bottoms natural with Culler's: oil turpentine mix. They were named in honor of the three men who met over boats and played significant roles in perpetuating the design: Pete Culler (1909-1978), Waldo Howland (1909-1998) and George Kelley (1924-1999). Howland met Culler aboard his replica of Slocum's SPRAY in 1940 on the inland waterway in Fort Lauderdale and subsequently hired him to design and build tenders for Concordia. Fifty boats were built in Culler's shop and sold through Concordia Co., Inc. of South Dartmouth (see John Burke, 1984, *Pete Culler's Boats, The Complete Design Catalog*, International Marine, Camden, ME). Many of Culler's smaller designs have been demonstrated on the water at Mystic's Small Craft Workshops. In his 1988 book, *A Life In Boats: The Concordia Years* (Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT), Howland acknowledged the breadth of Culler's skills as a skipper, stating he "not only knew when, where, and how to cruise, but was himself an excellent ship's carpenter, rigger, engine man, and, in an emergency, cook," who sailed professionally until 1961 when he turned to designing and construction full time. Kelley's friendship with Culler began after seeing his ketch sailing off Hyannis in 1946. Culler's Hyannis boat shop was not on the water, and he kept his Swampscott Dory DANCING FEATHER at Kelley's shop on a clothesline mooring all set to sail on summer afternoons. Two of Kelley's sons were steeped in his simple, practical ways of seamanship and construction and built Culler boats while young teenagers.

In June 1970 the three men were among the 200 registrants at the first Rowing Workshop organized by John Gardner and colleagues at Mystic Seaport. Kelley brought L. FRANCIS the Herreshoff double-paddle canoe which he built in 1965, and Howland registered his traditionally built 15'9" JAVA, a cross-planked, vee bottom double ender with spritsail which he used as a yawl boat to his 52' schooner INTEGRITY. Both JAVA (1958) and INTEGRITY (1962) were designed and built by Culler who registered DANCING FEATHER, which was built on "old molds" in



Tied off in the railway, the Good Little Skiff PETE CULLER, her interior painted out with thwart diamond reflected in her oar tips (Sharon Brown Photograph).

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Friendship, Maine about 1960. Her 17' 4" x 4' 8" hull was fitted by Culler with a

variety of rigs pictured in his 1974 book, *Skiffs and Schooners*, and a push pull tiller (Brown, S. 1997 *Ash Breeze* Fall; 1998 Winter).

In October of 1970 John Gardner organized a workshop follow up meeting to "advance the cause of recreational rowing and better rowing boats" to which Howland and Culler were invited. As Howland describes (1979 *Ash Breeze* 2(3):4-6 ) they photocopied a small booklet titled "The Good Little Skiff," which comprised Culler's drawings for a 13'6" skiff and Howland's handwritten text, a little gem still coveted by attendees (available in the G.W. Blunt White Library). In the water was a boat registered as a "Good Little Skiff" owned by Seaport Staff member Michael D. Sturges, Jr., Director of Education and built by Culler in 1967. John Gardner described this hull in his January 1971 *National Fisherman* column as "very similar to the one proposed by Culler and Waldo Howland as a versatile pulling-sailing boat." This is probably hull #15, the "13' yard skiff" listed by Burke (*ibid.* p. 295, Appendix C). This skiff was registered at the 1971 Small Craft Workshop as a Good Little Skiff and Sturges wrote on his registration form, "A Good Little Skiff. Designed and built by Pete Culler. Purchased from the Concordia Co. in 1968. Rows well and is an excellent boat for children." Although not rigged for sail she was similar enough to be considered for demonstration purposes at the October conference" (1971 *NF* Jan.; Brown, S. 1998 *Ash Breeze* Winter). John's March 1972 *National Fisherman* column includes notice that a group of 10 Williams College students and advisor Peter Gottschak, boarding on the JOSEPH CONRAD for the month of January, were involved in a Winter Study Program

Mystic Seaport's Frank Barlan demonstrates the fun one can have sculling a Good Little Skiff, here on the downriver Sunday morning excursion during the June 2009 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop (Sharon Brown Photograph).





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on the museum grounds and in a first for college programs, receiving credit for building a 13' 6" Culler "Conco-skiff," later described as a Good Little Skiff [perhaps in the Noyes Building!]. Many have since been built and the plans which Kelley made available to the public after Culler's death in 1978 are now available from Ships Plans, Mystic Seaport, thanks to a generous arrangement with his family and widow, the late Ruth M. (Perry) Kelley (1927-2011) of Hyannis.

In Culler's words, "In a rowing boat you will have an eye open for all sorts of mild adventures, all of which are interesting and give you a new outlook on areas that once seemed commonplace or even dull" (1978). To make room for visiting boats during Small Craft Workshops in the late 1990s the three skiffs were usually tied off together in the railway on Mystic Seaport's Lighthouse Point. In the morning light they presented an enticing scene evoking fun and history inspired by their namesakes. Watching young volunteers step from one hull to another to bail and untie their lines, and row the skiffs toward waiting customers was like seeing the 1971 stapled Good Little Skiff booklet come to life.

John Gardner's tribute to Culler shortly after his death in late May 1978 included, "As a founder of the Traditional Small Craft Association, a member of its governing council from the beginning, he spared no effort to promote wholesome and sensible boating and to prevent its strangulation by unneeded and ill-advised bureaucratic regulation on state and national levels" (1978 *NF* Aug.), a concern that many in TSCA still hold. On Howland's visits to Mystic Seaport for Trustee and Committee meetings he often visited The Boathouse to check up on the progress of building improvements and bulkheads, and posed for photographs while he rowed the boat named for him. In 1993 he donated his beloved elongated Good Little Skiff, DIXIE BELLE built by Culler

in 1971 (Acc. No. 1993.69.1; *Mystic Seaport Watercraft Catalog*, p. 56) now housed in the Watercraft Hall in the Collections Research Center. Howland was a moving force within the Museum and championed the value of the waterfront setting, formalized in his report "The River, The River, The River." He was a generous supporter of The Boathouse and mentor to staff and volunteers.

The Good Little Skiffs PETE CULLER and GEORGE KELLEY, on loan to the Hull Lifesaving Museum, are part of the small boat livery they operate at Boston's Rowing Center at Fort Point in South Boston's Seaport District. WALDO HOWLAND is still available, 20+ years from her launch, to explore the Mystic River. Many able handed souls made this possible, incorporating design, construction, maintenance, pride of ownership, and purpose of

use within seamanship. The Good Little Skiff was designed for fun, the total engagement with wood, water, and wind.



*Boathouse Volunteer Erica Brown demonstrates the ease of handling and joy that comes from simply treating a friend to a row*

*along the riverfront in a Good Little Skiff (Sharon Brown Photograph)*



*In conjunction with the 2009 WoodenBoat Show, Ben Fuller demonstrates sculling during a JGSCW program (Sharon Brown Photograph)*



*Boatbuilder Emery Jackson rows out to LIL'BABE for the Tuesday night 10 week summer Boathouse Beetle Cat Racing Series (Sharon Brown Photograph).*



*Seaport members Ed and Barbara Hassman prepare to rig LIL'BABE for a Beetle Cat rental on the river with WALDO HOWLAND their tender stowed for return to the mooring (Sharon Brown Photograph).*



*Prior to haul out at the end of the 2010 Boathouse season Volunteers Paul Morris and the late Ed Rothman help Supervisor Jim McGuire suss out issues for winter maintenance of PETE CULLER (Sharon Brown Photograph).*



*GEORGE KELLEY and PETE CULLER under shelter along the Plymouth Cordage Co., Ropewalk (Sharon Brown Photograph).*



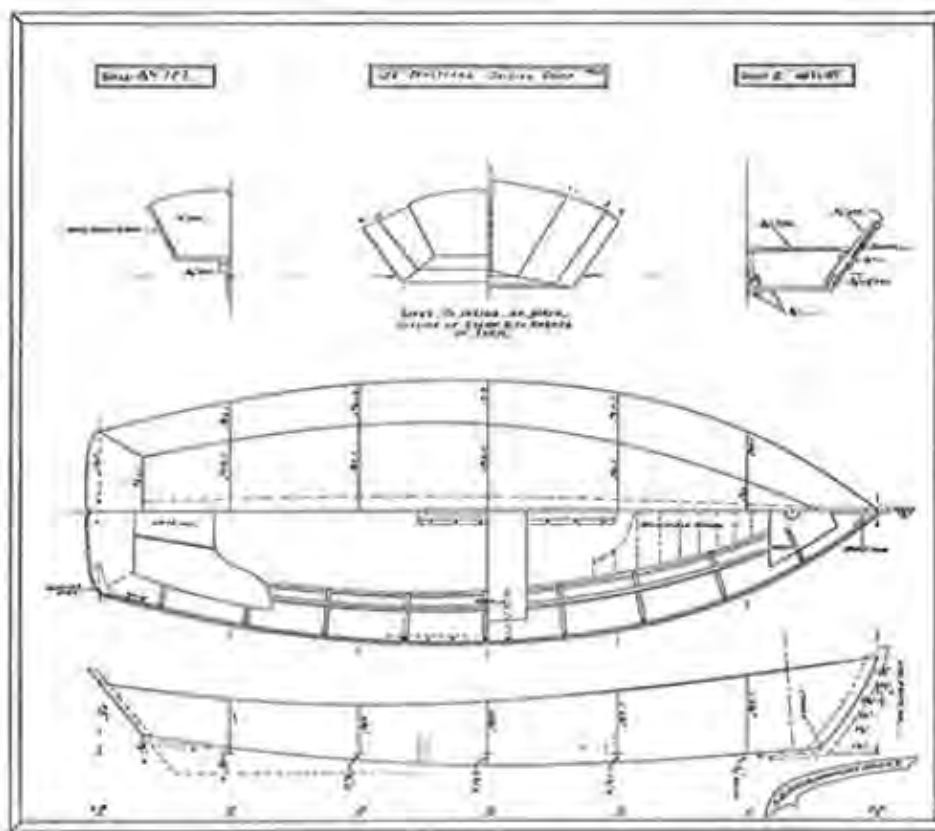
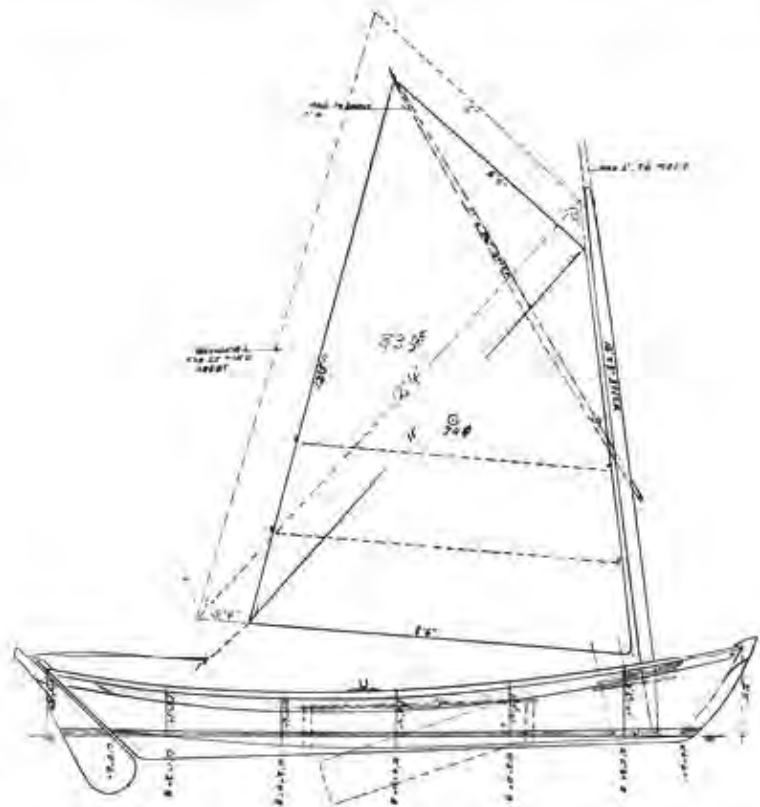
The Boathouse wall pictured here during 2018 winter maintenance reflects Mystic connections with the Good Little Skiff including Bert Lachman's photograph of PETE CULLER and GEORGE KELLEY in the railway, Waldo Howland's gift of the Nantucket Rainbow fleet poster, Nancy Howland's photograph of Waldo Howland rowing his DIXIE BELLE in Sanibel, Benjamin Mendlowitz's photograph of Bill Sauerbrey sailing Ben Fuller's Good Little Skiff, the Concordia Beetle Cat poster, Sharon Brown's photograph of Waldo Howland rowing the WALDO HOWLAND with a quote from his 1979 *Ash Breeze* article, Beetle Cats lining up for the start of Tuesday night race, and other images and associations obscured by oars stacked for repair. George Kelley's double paddle canoe L.FRANCIS (Acc. No. 90.147) hangs behind the door (Sharon Brown Photograph).

## Looking Aft: Last Year's Activities:

February outing to Newport IYRS and Sachuest NWR hike  
 Woodenboat Show/Small Craft Workshop w/Afterglow rows and morning group rows, etc  
 Salmon River row/paddle  
 UConn 50th participation  
 Pine Island Cleanup participation  
 Club Dory refurbishing  
 Bill Armitage's Guideboat's new outriggers  
 Phil Behney's Whitehall in shop  
 Rutherford & Nelson Oar-making - two pair of John DeLapp oars  
 Dan Nelson to Small Reach Regatta in Maine  
 Rutherfords and Spraggs to Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival and St Michaels, Maryland  
 Barton's canoe and surfboard projects in shop  
 Salt Water Row, Paddle and Sail in September  
 Poquonock River Row and Paddle in October  
 Discussions with UConn regarding student involvement in new year 2018  
 Club end of year Holiday party at Custom House New London/ Matt Phillips presentation  
 New Board member elections  
 Refining of Club Bylaws  
 Connection established with East End Classic Boat Society (Amagansett, NY)  
 Solstice Row led by Phil Behney

## Our New Build:

As discussed by the membership and agreed to in our February meeting, we are planning to build Culler's Good Little Skiff - See Sharon Brown's lead article and Dane Rochelle's above comments. Here are some drawings, courtesy of Mystic Seaport's Ship's Plans department; these may be viewed on the Seaport website. We also purchased a detailed set to be used in layout and construction. She's a beauty.....







It was a dark and chilly evening of the shortest day of the year when three Avery Point Dories and the Susan B. Holland quietly approached the Small Boat Livery at Mystic Seaport. They were on their annual Solstice Row. Led by Phil Behney and John Hacunda in the Susan B. and followed by Dan Nelson, Dane Rochelle and Ben Ellcome and Shirley Iselin in Dories. They paused for a rest at their northernmost point, having rowed all the way around the point from Mystic Shipyard East. As the sun was setting, they did not pause long, quietly heading back to Mystic where, just below the bridge, boats were quickly pulled, loaded in Phil's pickup and hauled cross-lots back to their resting place near Shipyard East. Time was of the essence because others were already gathering at the Harp and Hound for some warm food and cold beer. Waiting to join in the festivities were Rob Pittaway, Bill Rutherford, Brian Cooper, David Tang, Steve Barton and Bill Armitage. Phil says the Pub photo is fuzzy because of his cell phone; the Guinness had nothing to do with it.

*Precious Cargo (or How to Name Your Ship)*<sup>1</sup>

by  
**Capt. Arthur Nelson**

I am the Captain of a Great Ship. We have sailed countless miles, uncovering corners of the World as yet unseen by all but a few hardy explorers before us. We have been blessed with, and savored, the satisfactions and comforts of wonder and solitude and discovery. Our voyages have spanned vast distances, and taken us to strange and wondrous places, in winds and seas both fair and foul.

One recent voyage took us far to the east, to a land of bright and shiny things, where the natives display their wealth with guarded conspicuousness. Their things are quite visible, though they themselves are not. Aphrodite herself guards the harbor, coyly turning her back to approaching vessels. The ice cream is good in this place, and is a treat not to be missed.

That same voyage offered us a chance to witness menacing storm clouds en route, great dark stirrings as if the inverted surface of a boiling witch's cauldron of tar, starkly highlighted by the rays of our setting Sun as they reached under to reassuringly remind us of its presence, as nightfall approached inevitably. Would we make it back to our home safely before darkness descended, if at all? We kept plugging along, ghosting past a coast-wise monastery as we approached safe harbor again, having leapt the abyss which lies between the Land of Bright and Shiny Things and our own Humble Homeland.

Yet another recent voyage took us southeasterly, to a cove where the golden sands gently rose to softly kiss our keel. The waters there remain clear all year long, unlike the darker depths more typical of the surrounding seas, and the rimming rushes, and whispering wings of the local inhabiting herons, caress one's ears and release one's spirit gracefully. Exhalations.

Then to the west, around and past several great and lesser headlands, toward the mouth of the Thames estuary, where dark, faceless vessels slip out to the deep Sea, silently, discreetly. Every moment in the existence of these ships is, quite literally and in so many relevant ways, a serious matter of life and death, and none to be taken lightly. If ever a crew knows this, certainly they must. We give them wide berth.

A day's sail even further west brings us to another estuarine delta, framed by great marshes and punctuated by sweeping, swirling clouds of black birds above these same salt-grasses, moving as if tied to the conducting fingertips of Edgar Allen Poe himself! The river which serves this delta runs from so far north that it must find another country to begin in. Sherlock Holmes would have done well to have discovered all its mysteries in just one lifetime, or several. History indeed shows that Holmes did investigate at least a small portion of this great Artery nearer to its lower regions, and for a time even called it home. The evidence is plain to see, if you know where to look and have an instinct for such things.

There is, too, a Mystical River along this coastline we have thus far ranged, which holds treats to occupy one's curiosity for days or even a lifetime. Its spiritual entertainments continue to surprise and reawaken me every season, with new revelations, and refreshing insights into old ones. Geological change and spiritual evolution, along this stretch, can each become apparent upon reasonably close inspection.



The mouth of this river has remained my favorite playground and classroom, and its soul and inhabiting characters my greatest teachers throughout my life. It was upon a bank above this bay one clear evening in my youth that I first wittingly made acquaintance with the Pleiades and Orion, and on its offshore islands with solitude and a notion of self-reliance, and with the usefulness and meaning of '7x50', and of reflection and perspective.

These characters and teachers I refer to are worth listing, and so I will, to wit: the Weather moods, the waterspouts, the prevailing breeze, the lightning bolts, the late-afternoon sunlight's glint; the ledges, their tidepools, their glacial erratics; our mudflats, my bare feet, the baby flatfish, the sand fleas (nothing to fear); the Herons, the Gulls, the Cormorants, the Guppy schools; the old boatshops (which are no more), the old ships' knees, their keelsons, their iron drifts, and the old four-masted schooner carcass my Uncle Charles, pipe at mouth and hand in hand, introduced me to (all these too are long gone); old Tommy and his beagle greeting me hoarsely, daily, and with a great open smile, eyes squinting tightly to make more room for his welcoming, laughing, "Hello, young fella!", then opening widely again to see my same in return; retired Merchant Mariner Tony swimming distances some said he should have stopped swimming long ago (and finally did...); Mom doing the same until she could no longer. Her grand, stylized backstrokes were a thing to behold and admire, for those blessed with this rare privilege. Cherished, tugging Memories.

I did not yet mention the size of this, my Great Ship. Is a Great Ship only something large in physical size? Or could it be rather something better assessed by what it can carry, more precisely what it can bring to our experience, to our hearts, and what it can stir in our imaginations?; its 'Spiritual Gross Tonnage', if you will allow me this momentary morphing of a strictly technical shipping term. This 'S.G.T.' might be considered the larger, more valuable index, for some, and so it is for me.

As such, if you must know (and you must), this Great Ship I am referring to was, in its time, my shipping-crate raft with bedsheet squaresail and broomstick spars; it was my 12-foot second-hand plywood punt with leaking seams which taught me the pleasures and values of bailing daily; it is our classic (antique?) Boston Whaler which is almost as old as I am; and, it is our humbly weathered, workboat-patina'd, tea-stained mainsail'd, 14-foot Cape Cod catboat, which is just the way we like it, I might add! It too, is almost as old as I am. *(Are our boats a reflection (or resonance?) of some key part of ourselves? We make the boats, and the boats in turn make us? Food for thought to fill some future afternoon underway...)*

Alas, 'Ship' is a singular reference, and so I offer this reconciliation: All these vessels, and numerous others along the way, individually and taken as a whole, were for me the embodiment of that Great Ship I have referred to from the start of, and throughout, this discourse. And so, what of a name for this Great Ship, to suit and honor its purpose, and its patron? Let us ponder, for a moment, the whole of what a 'ship' really is, for a ship is not just a hull, but also its crew, and its purpose, and its ability to inspire dreams and new adventures. Perhaps, I would be inclined to name this Great Ship after a king or a queen, or a constellation, or an honorable ambition, but why not instead name it after its very precious cargo?

Why not?, indeed!

And so...

It is with great pride and unbounded joy, that with the powers vested in me as your Captain and Crew, I hereby christen You, this Great Ship of mine, 'IMAGINATION!'. (cue the Champagne breaking against the stem here, as streamers and confetti fly and the crowds holler and hurrah!)

Together we will head out to Sea, and a fine ship we will be!



## View from the Side Deck:

The blinking beacon of New London Light illuminates the far side of the river this dark, cold winter's evening. It is winter, snow is on the ground and the wind is chill, even though highs tomorrow are predicted to be in the 50's. There is activity in the Shop: UConn student Maggie Waldron is busy fashioning a pair of oars under the able tutelage of Bill Armitage and Dan Nelson, among others who happen by. Maggie chose this as her Capstone project; as advised by Professor Matt McKenzie. We were asked to assist and what a privilege it is to work with a fine young person like Maggie as she contemplates a career in the Maritime industry; what better way to start!

You may notice a few new approaches in this issue: Sharon Brown leads us off with her very thorough, almost academic description of Pete Culler's Good Little Skiff; her articles are a real treat! Directly following are notes from our new President, Dane Rochelle, where he lays out a prospective course for us for the New Year including winter trips, spring cleanups, summer sails fall paddles all capped by our traditional holiday gathering at the Custom House. Hidden in there is the suggestion we embark on a traditional "Build". You guessed it: a Culler Good Little Skiff! Membership approved and plans have been purchased from the Seaport. Come join the fun in Building 36.

We are such an active group, I could not resist a review of activities accomplished the last year. I hope you enjoyed the look back. Perhaps some memories brought a smile or two. And since it is winter, a time of contemplation, we included a report of past summer sails to spark your imagination as you plan next summer sails of your own. And please be advised that the nom de plume this time is not that of your editor but of our new leader, celebrating becoming a first step Captain of the real Maritime variety. See if you can identify some of the mystical locales to which he refers as he sails our own Fishers Island Sound.

Finishing off, we report on Phil Behney's Solstice Row. Great fun, even if you only showed up in the Pub after the row (as did I). Next issue we'll get back to reporting on Boatshop activities including those in your own garage or basement (drop us a line) and include a Calendar for the year.

Meanwhile, dream about Fair Winds and far away places. See you down at the Shop.

Best Regards,

Bill and Karen Rutherford

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### This month's Nautical Quote

"Rowing is like life. We don't know where we're going, but we have a clear view of where we have been" - anon



I've thought a lot about what my next build might be, or whether indeed at age 84 there should even be a next build. After all, the present fleet is quite adequate, consisting of a Chuckanut 12 skin-on-frame kayak, a Sawfish 12 foam kayak (the builds of which were previously chronicled in these pages) and a Gheenoe 15-4 Highsider with a Mercury 5hp four stroke motor.

But it seems that I have always been building or working on something, be it model airplanes from elementary through high school, to a "boat" made from old boards obtained when the basement coal bin was removed with the advent of oil heat, caulked with tar scraped from the road with a tin can on a hot summer day and paddled on the duck pond across the street from the Terwilliger & Wakefield Dairy in Ridgewood New Jersey, to fixing up a junkyard find 1930 Essex before I had a driver's license, to racing gokarts, to sports cars, to various boats both power and sail, to restoring and flipping an old beach cabin on the ICW in Cape Carteret North Carolina, and now to building small boats as time and resources might allow.

I concluded that I needed to be building something, probably another boat, but what sort? One thought, based on the Sawfish experience, was of a fabric covered foam trimaran of about 16'. After some further thought, I concluded that dealing with the forces involved with the sail and outriggers would require enough wooden internal structure that I might as well build the main hull out of conventional materials, but maybe the amas could be foam. Hmmm...

Why consider at trimaran at this point in life? After all, most trimarans are speedsters, similar to the Hobie 16s we sailed when we were 50ish youngsters. A couple of reasons came to mind. One reason was that a couple of years ago, while sailing a wooden Marc Barto designed Melonseed I had restored, I capsized while jibing (should have reefed). Floating around in my life jacket alongside a boat full of water to the gunnels, I said to myself, "What the heck are you doing out here in the middle of this lake, bobbing around in the water at your age?" Luckily my friend Mike Burwell was nearby in his Peep Hen, and saved my bacon. The Melonseed was sold not long after. Beautiful boat, but not for me, not at this time.

Another reason for a tri was that Carole does not like sailing in tippy boats! She has stuck with me through my sports cars, an airplane and several previous sailboats. She is



# Building Trilarars

## Part One

By Jim Brown



recovering from a hip fracture last September and will turn 79 in April. Even so, there is a possibility that she might be willing and able to accompany me in a non tippy trimaran! I enjoy sailing so much more when she is along.

A third reason for considering a tri is that neither Carole nor myself are now agile enough to be hopping from one gunnel to the other when tacking or jibing. We need a boat which will allow us to sit down low in a comfortable seat without having to move about, and to have the necessary controls readily at hand.

After many hours perusing the designs in *Duckworks Magazine*, website ads from *Messing About in Boats* and other online searches, a decision was made. It will be a Jim Michalak Lars Boat hull (plans \$22.50 at Duckworks) with the Trilarars mod addition (plans also \$22.50 at Duckworks), perhaps (of course) with a few modifications. For instance, for storage, if not for trailering, I need folding and/or sliding akas.

The Trilarars plans show a 59sf leg-o-mutton spritsail, which seems like it may be a bit small, but in keeping with my reasons stated above, that may be entirely adequate. Since I have had great luck with the sail we made from a Dave Gray kit for our Mike Storer MkII OZRacer, I went to the Polysails International website and found that this exact sail is one of the production sails offered in white for \$129.95, or in color for \$149.95. I would prefer a tanbark color which is not available, but how about the available red sails in the sunset? Woohoo! We can no longer get down on the floor to make our own sail, so will go with the reasonably priced ready made.

Years ago I purchased the 1977 version of Jim Michalak's book on boat building, which I still have. But since I will be building one of his designs, I decided to purchase his newer book, *Boatbuilding for Beginners (and Beyond)*. I highly recommend this book if you are thinking about building any boat, let alone one of his designs. It contains all sorts of info, from boat history, to design, build-

ing, sailing theory, sailing practice, material sources, information contacts and complete plans for five different boats (\$22.63 from Amazon, including tax and shipping).

I did some searching around for wood at various local locations. Jim Michalak recommends lauan 5mm (.197") underlayment for the hull and other lumber milled from 2"x10" common construction lumber. The last plywood boat I made some years ago was from 1/4" Lowes "Plytanium" exterior pine BC sanded sheet. This was the best stuff available at that time in that place (2008, Cape Carteret, North Carolina). At this time in this place (Athens, Tennessee), the Plytanium BC pine (\$22.92/4'x8' sheet) was unsuitable for a boat, being full of voids and imperfections.

The last lauan underlayment I had bought some years ago had one thick center ply of mystery wood with two outer layers of thin lauan. I found with that plywood that any unprotected edge not epoxy coated or painted (or where coating had worn off) would absorb water and rot out the center, leaving an epoxy coated and nicely painted shell with the center gone (guess how I know that, goodbye Bolger "Perfect Skiff," which was stored upside down outside on horses). Now there is no lauan to be found locally due to a current effort to save what is left of the tropical rainforests.

However, at Lowes there were two new underlayments of other materials, both made by Patriot Lumber of Greensboro North Carolina. One is called Sureply Premium and seemed very heavy, with one side in white paper with black (Xs) printed in a pattern to indicate where underlayment staples should be inserted (\$19.44 / 4'x8' sheet), which I did not investigate further. The other was called Revolution Ply Utility Plywood 5mm (.197") (\$14.98 / 4'x8' sheet, with three equal center plies of what I understand to be birch wood, with virtually no voids showing, and two very thin surface plies of different woods. This stuff was rated for indoor use only, which is not unusual for underlayment, and seemed much lighter than the Sureply. I could not determine the nature of the glue, but a call to the factory indicated that the glue itself was waterproof.

Apparently there is another environmental effort to rid indoor use plywood of any formaldehyde based glues. I do not know what the new glue is made from, except that it is non formaldehyde. My judgement was that this plywood would be the best available here for this build, especially with glass tape over all seams and coated with epoxy inside and out, plus primer and paint. In addition, I decided to spend the extra \$40 for enough glass cloth to cover the exterior of the main hull. So I bought four sheets of the Revolution Ply Utility.

I decided to start on the mast first, since Jim M recommends getting some of the details done before starting on the main structure so that one does not have a problem storing the big parts while making the smaller stuff. Jim suggests using common construction grade lumber and working around the defects. However, an examination of that lumber indicated there were too many knots, warps and twists to even consider that approach. Plus, a 2"x10" length of that stuff was so heavy that it would be very difficult for us to unload and handle in the shop by ourselves.

This led to the Premium Pine project lumber, where there was some very good 1" stuff, though much more expensive per board

foot. I bought a 1"x6"x10' and a 1"x6"x6', which combined with some 1" stuff I had at home, would do for the mast. Jim recommends 1" lumber, since three 3/4" layers makes up the 2 1/4" diameter needed for the 16'6" long mast.

I dug out my old homemade scarphing attachment for my table saw, which makes admirable 8:1 scarph joints. These pix show the attachment and the scarphed mast segments, ready to be epoxied together into the 2 1/4" squared mast blank. I am not sure I am looking forward to the laborious work of tapering and rounding!



Along the way, I also ordered from RAKA a 6qt epoxy/hardener kit, a 50yd roll of 6oz fiberglass tape and 6yds of 50" wide 6oz fiberglass cloth (\$186.19). Also, I went back to Lowes for a couple of 1"x6"x6' pine for the sprit and some 3" PVC pipe to make a mast mount. So far I'm into this project for about \$330 and I haven't really built much of anything yet! I am estimating about \$750 for the boat, plus \$300 to \$400 for a light duty Harbor Freight trailer, so hopefully under \$1,200 all up. We shall see.

The sail purchase will have to be delayed until another month. Meanwhile, since the epoxy and fiberglass just arrived, I'll have plenty to keep me busy.

Thus endeth Part One. Hopefully, Part Two will show more building progress and therefore more pix!



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I had planned to work on my mast and spars while the paint cured.

To aid in cartopping and tying up the boat, installed 6" nylon cleats fore and aft. The size screws recommended were hard to find so I used 4" stainless deck screws. All other hardware was attached with stainless steel screws.

The 8' mast from a pine stair railing has one flat side which will face the bow so the boom jaw can rotate around the curved side. The flat side will also make a handy mount point for the clam cleat for the snorter supporting the sprit. The top of the mast was rounded to reduce wear on the sail sleeve. The boom and the sprit are both 1 1/4" pine closet poles.

I used pine rather than oak for the mast and spars because pine moldings were a single piece of wood, the oak moldings were glued up from multiple small pieces and did not look like they would have enough flex. All pieces were treated with "the mix" and finished with polyurethane spar varnish.

The English Duck Punt uses an Optimist class sail. The one I chose is a "sleeved club sail" from Intensity Sails that is quickly set up because it uses no ties. The mast slips into the sleeve and there are loops to attach the boom. This sail is also constructed of heavier material than racing sails.

Because the Optimist sail has loops to attach the boom, there is not a lot of space for a wooden boom jaw. I am experimenting by using a brass oarlock as a boom jaw. The oarlock is glued into the boom with PLP3X.



The peak of the Optimist sail has a sewn in rope loop for the top of the sprit. A stainless 3/8" bolt had its hex head rounded off and glued into the end of the sprit with PLP3X.



To rig the sail I used clam cleats with fairleads, one for the snorter, one for the downhaul and one for the outhaul.

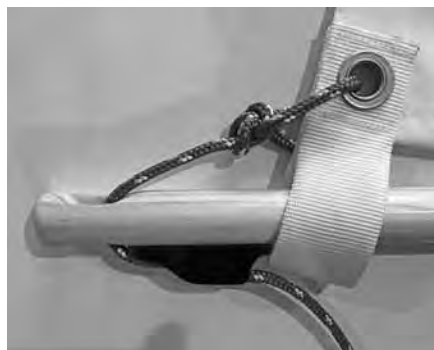
## Building a West Mersea Duck Punt Variation of a Sawfish Kayak

### Part III

By Mark Frost



The end of the boom has a "dumb sheave" carved into the end for the outhaul.



Lines are in multiple colors based on an article I read that makes it easier for inexperienced crew to "grab the red one."



For sailing I got a wood canoe paddle which acts as a rudder on a Duck Punt. I also wanted an emergency kayak paddle I could store in the boat, out of the way, and found a paddle that comes in a nice drawstring bag and is less than 24" long when disassembled. Also purchased another kayak paddle of a different design to use when paddling with two people.

Although I'll not be sailing at night, there are times when the fish are biting and the sun is making its departure that makes navigation lights a necessity. Clamp on LED units look like they will fill the need nicely.

Using the craft as a fishing vessel was part of the plan from the beginning. I wanted the quiet and efficiency of an electric trolling motor but not the weight of a conventional deep cycle battery. I also did not want to transport a gas motor inside my vehicle, as I had planned that the boat would be cartopped, not trailered.

Although MUCH more expensive, I decided to use Lithium Ion Phosphate batteries. These are popular replacements for mobility scooters and other small electric vehicles. They do not pose the fire risks of other types of lithium batteries. Four of these batteries at 10ah each (total 40ah) were parallel wired into a battery box with a circuit breaker for safety. The entire battery pack weighs about 11lbs. The battery box was constructed from scrap materials.



I chose a MinnKota trolling motor with its digital maximizer technology, which extends battery life. Comparing specifications, a 45lb thrust motor seemed to give the best compromise between power and battery use.

Since I got a three pack "deal" on Gamma Seal lids on Amazon, I used the third lid to wire a quick connect so that the battery pack would be inside the waterproof hatch.

Launch Day! Breezy was christened and launched. It was a sunny, but cool day, high of about 60° and wind about 7mph.



A rough measurement from putting my hand over the side, the boat seems to draw about 3 1/2" to 4" of water. I took it for a solo paddle first, sitting on the mast step seat paddling stern first as recommended by Dylan Winter, because the fore aft balance is better.

Then went out with my wife, she sitting on the mast step seat facing forward and me sitting on the aft deck. In both cases the boat seemed to track fairly well, neither one of us has much experience so there was a little zigzagging, but I didn't feel that the boat couldn't be controlled with a little practice.

Next was the trolling motor. Leaning over the stern to raise and lower the motor and adjust the angle to the water is a little dicey because there is not a lot of stability in that part of the hull. Again, the boat performed nicely and tracked well. Took my three-year-old grandson out for a little motor ride, he has been watching the progress from the beginning when Grandpa was building a "pink boat!"



Finally rigged up the sail, which was fairly easy with the sleeved club sail. Again, I haven't sailed in decades so there were short episodes of sail power followed by furious paddling! I should have paddled out a little further because the wind kept pushing me towards shore.

The lake is small and only 5' to 10' deep and was chosen specifically in case I got into trouble. I got the mast tangled in a dead tree because I didn't see it above me as my life vest kept pushing my wide brimmed hat down over my eyes, last time for that hat!

Just when I thought I was getting the Duck Punt style sailing started by getting heeled over, I heeled WAY over and dumped the boat! There were shouts of warning from shore but I thought I was getting the hang of this Duck Punt thing.



I was only in chest high water so I was able to stand on the mucky bottom. First went around to the bottom of the boat and grabbed the gunwale and easily pulled her upright. Here's where my over 50-year-old Boy Scout canoeing merit badge training kicked in. Tried to get in over the stern like scout training but the motor board was an obstacle, I made multiple attempts to pull myself up onto the rear deck, then by moving the tholepins to their rearmost position, I was able to use them as handholds to assist in a successful re-boarding. Many cheers from the shore party!

There was maybe a 1/4" of water in the cockpit. I need to modify a milk bottle into a bailing scoop.

Got the boat turned around and actually had a nice sail past the group on shore, which brought more cheers!



Every internet article I've read about Duck Punt builders said that they had a lot of problems sailing early on, so I have high hopes for the future.

The biggest issue is loading and unloading on the car top. I got a swiveling T bar canoe loader for my hitch. The problem is that my hoped for completion weight of 50 to 60lbs was way off, my Duck Punt ended up at 83lbs, which is not bad for a 14'9" boat but it is a struggle to cartop. I can do it, but it is a long, difficult process at my age and body strength. One build article I read on a stitch and glue version weighed 87lbs, of course I don't have to add any flotation!



Also, cartopping really scratches up the gunwales so some retouching is required already.

After serious consideration I purchased a small trailer. A utility trailer will work with a flat bottom boat and the bow is narrow enough to run up the trailer tongue a bit. I would be storing the boat in half of my garage all boating season anyway and a trailer won't take up that much more space. Winter storage is easy, my son has a big shed.

Where I live, in Minnesota, we actually do have more than 10,000 lakes and most of them have public access boat ramps so trailering will really decrease my prep and put away time when I want to hit the water.

Not to discourage those who want to cartop, I think I probably overbuilt the craft and some judicious experimenting could reduce the weight. For those who have no desire for motor power, about eight to ten pounds could probably be eliminated just for that item.

I ran out of boating season, the roughly three weeks (depending on weather) I thought I had left got used up locating a suitably low priced trailer and I wasn't able to get wiring in the car to make it legal to tow. The T bar for loading was returned because it did not function the way I'd hoped. I knew this year would be tight when I got a late start building, I started on July 20 and launched September 17. Next year I'll hopefully figure out this Duck Punt sailing business!

Part of the process where I live is registering the boat. If it was strictly a sailer or paddler the fees would have been less, but because it is powered for fishing it moves to a different class. I painted the registration numbers using a homemade stencil.

Really enjoyed the whole building process, I loved the Sawfish construction technique and would do it again.

My cost in 2017 for the completed Duck Punt, ready to sail, was approximately \$750. This includes all construction materials, paint, boat hardware and marine rope, pre-made Optimist sail and paddle.

The sail, rope and boat hardware came to around \$300 and there are less expensive ways of handling those items. Painting the boat one color would have saved about \$30.

Cost does not include motor, batteries, registration, extra kayak paddles, life vests, and cartopping hardware or a trailer. Even after purchase of a trailer, I still have less than \$2,000 invested in total for a boat I can use in a multitude of situations.

The build journal with more details is at: <http://www.markfrostartist.com/BoatBuilding>

Thanks to Josh Withe (Rowerwet) for his detailed plans and his email guidance and Dylan Winter for the inspiration of this project.



Last time I left you I was almost ready to put the deck on the *Great 77*. I still had a couple of things to do first. I had to install two skegs. This became the hardest thing I did so far on this project.

February had been a really bad month for me. My wife got moved upstairs into the nursing home and about the same time my son died as a result of a brain tumor that has been plaguing him for about 15 years. The boat has become more than an obsession, it is now my medicine.

I needed time to get away from other problems and working on this project is helping me to keep sane. Enough of my family problems, let's get back to boat building.

I bought oak 1"x4"x8' long, top grade stuff and ripped a couple of 3/4" square pieces out of it. I laid them on the bottom of the boat 18" apart. I have a dolly that fits several boats and I plan to keep this spacing so that the new boat will also fit the dolly.

OK, that was easy enough, now to hold them down while I epoxied them into place. I decided to screw them in first from the inside, then remove the screw and use thickened epoxy and rescrew them on to make a permanent fix.

These runners are 8' long, so I split the distance from both ends of the boat and drew a line on the skin of the boat that would determine the center of where the skegs would get attached.

I spaced out where the screws should go and looked underneath to make sure that none of the fasteners conflicted with the bulkheads and other inside parts. Then I drilled holes for the screws that I planned to use.

Now came the problem. The bottom of this boat has a lot of rocker and the oak pieces are almost straight. OK I started by screwing one piece in place near the stern and then bent the oak down against the bottom. I needed something to hold it in place while I drove the second screw.

I had a toolbox full of a socket set that held it down OK but this project was getting rather Mickey Mouse so I changed the plan and used some machine screws to hold down both ends. Better. I had the boat up on horses high enough so I could sit up under it and install all the screws. Not easy, because my head kept bouncing off the internal framing. Once I completed this step I had to take it all apart again. I cut the ends down to points and countersunk the holes for the machine screws. I wanted them below the surface.

I now mixed up some epoxy. I added some Cabosil to make it thick. I applied this to the underside of the skegs and screwed them back on. The epoxy mix squished out when the screws were tightened. I wanted a fillet anyway so had a good start. I mixed another batch and built a fillet using a tongue depressor as a tool to get the desired shape.

The next day I smoothed the fillet with some #60grit paper and rounded the edges with a small block plane. I also sawed out the hole for the daggerboard at this time and rounded the edges and cut some 3" tape to fit around them and into the trunk. I mixed a batch and epoxied a coat and this job was done. I also wet out the glass surrounding the cutout for the board at the same time. Photo #1 shows the bottom of the hull at this point.



## By Mississippi Bob *Great 77* Part 5



I rolled the boat right side up again and I next mounted the cover plates using some caulk. Now am I ready? Ready or not, the deck is going on.

A 10' boat requires a joint somewhere when using 8' plywood so I decided to put this joint in the cockpit area and use a butt block to join the two panels. I drew a line where the joint should be and cut the stern section first.

Using a whole sheet I laid it on the stern and clamped it to line up with the lines I had drawn. I then sawed off the surplus, leaving it 1/2" long. I next drew a line all the way around marking the shape of the hull on the bottom side. I also marked the inside of the cockpit.

I removed the clamps and rolled this section over and sawed off the surplus leaving about 1/4" to 1/2" oversized. While it was still upside down, I gave it a coat of epoxy, then walked away and visited my bride. She is now in a nursing home and very unhappy about being there.

The next day I rolled this stern section back over and clamped it again and laid out where the fasteners should go. I wanted to use wood screws to fasten it to the stringers as they were too springy to use nails. I drew lines where the stringers were and drilled a row of holes for the screws and countersunk them for flathead screws.

I put screws in the four ends to hold the section very firmly, then drew a line using a felt marker tightly against the sides of the boat and the inside of the cockpit. Now I had the exact shape of this panel so I unscrewed it and sawed off on the ink line.

By this time the inside of the hull was full of sawdust and other scraps so I vacuumed it out. I also swept the bottom side of the deck section then mixed some more epoxy. I gave the interior parts a good second coat of epoxy and was almost ready to nail it down.

I mixed another batch with Cabosil, I thickened it a little but I wanted it brushable. I painted this onto all the mating surfaces, then carefully rolled the deck into place and used the same holes I had drilled earlier to begin fastening it down. I installed the screws, then nailed all around the edges with 3/4" bronze boat nails. I also nailed it down across the bulkhead and transom.

I wiped off any ooze that came out and then the stern was decked over.

Photo #2 shows the stern section on.



When I started on the forward deck I quickly realized that there were some important factors that I had to consider. One thing was that I had to make it to fit the mast step and also fit snugly at the seam.

I measured the length of the forward hull and it came out to an even 6' so I cut a whole sheet of lauan to be 73". I butted the factory end tight against the after deck right side up and did some measuring of the distance from the seam line to the front and back sides of the square mast step. I used a drywall square to reach the center at these marks. The step measured 3 1/4" square.

I removed the spring clamps that held this sheet in place and moved the sheet to where I could safely saw out the hole. I started cutting it slightly undersized, then moved the sheet back to butt tight against the stern deck and clamped it there.

Leaving it clamped, I lifted it enough so I could remove enough wood to get a nearly perfect fit. When I was happy with the fit I drew a pencil line all the way around the forward section and also reached inside the cockpit and drew a line marking its edges.

I also drew a line on the four sides of the mast step flush with the top of the deck to get a saw off line. I now undid the clamps and turned this sheet of plywood over to check out the pencil lines I drew.

Satisfied with the line, I moved this sheet aft, leaving it upside down. I could now saw off the surplus material from the mast step. I added a small chunk of 3/4" square pine, screwing it onto the backside of the step leaving the thickness of the deck material above this cleat. I had a thwart across in front of the step that would support the deck. I wanted something to support the backside.

I now mixed a sizeable batch of epoxy and rolled it onto the bottom of the deck inside of the pencil lines. I also painted the new cleat with epoxy and walked away.

OK, it is now time for some happy news. We are now into March and my bride with the broken back is pronounced healed and she can now remove the brace that has plagued her and they are releasing her into my care, all this in the time that I am writing this. But I will always miss my favorite son.

OK again, now back to the boat. Next I must cut off the surplus stuff outside of the pencil line and then repeat the operation that I did aft to now install the forward deck. I did

this repeat of what I had done on the stern and it went well. There were a couple of spots where I was not happy with how much epoxy I saw oozing out. I put some extra nails in those areas.

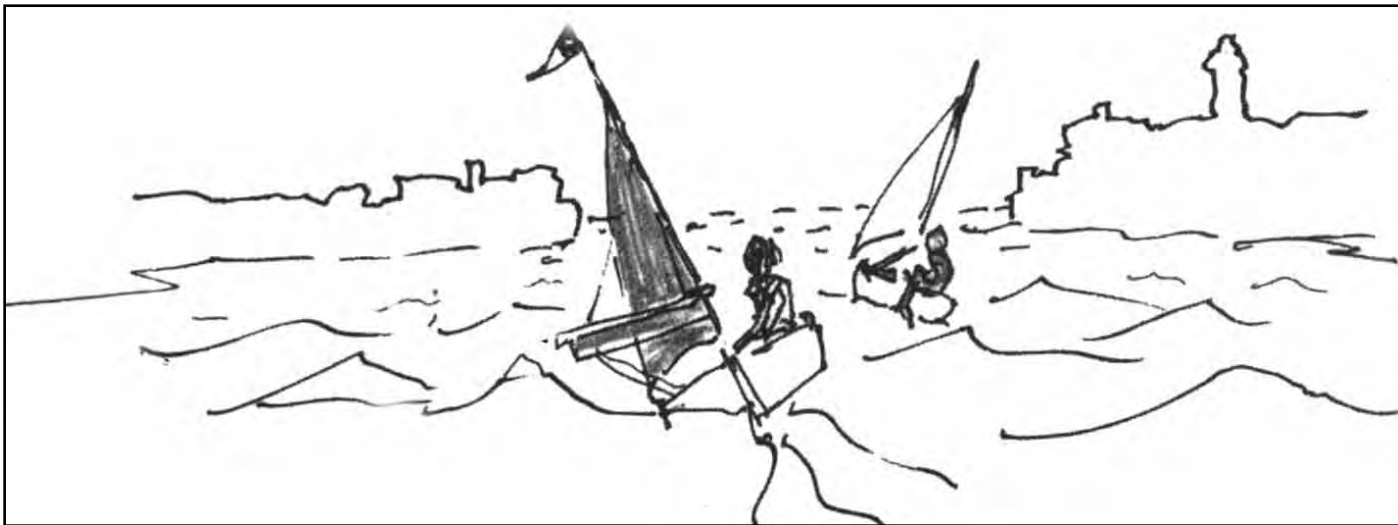
I love those little boat nails. They are made of bronze and they have rings much like drywall nails, remember them? These ringed nails don't back out. I don't find them on the local market. I had them shipped from Jamestown Distributors in Bristol, Rhode Island.

I am, now letting the epoxy cure, I will then trim off any excess deck making it flush with the sides of the hull.

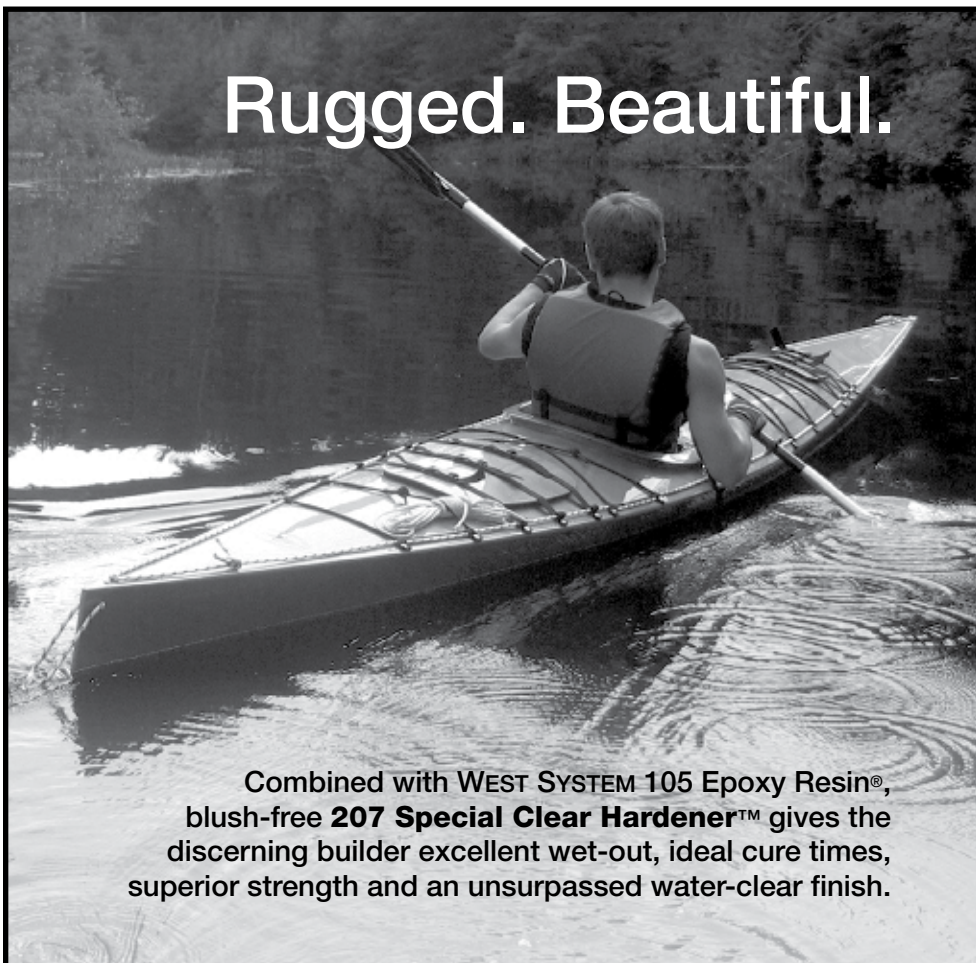
While I was waiting I dug out some boards that I salvaged out of a Chris Craft that I cut up years ago when I worked at Hooper's Yacht. They used Honduras mahogany back when that boat was built.

I have searched for it recently because my supply is running out. I was told by our largest hardwood supplier that it is now illegal to import the stuff. I took the remaining boards, laid them on the garage floor and sanded off most of the paint. I then ran them through the planer and salvaged a few really nice pieces. I hope to have enough to do the trim in Honduras.

Photo #3 shows the deck on.



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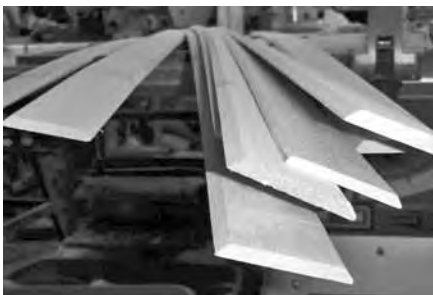


## Mom Always Said, “Do the Hard Stuff First”

I’ve been wondering what ever happened to “eat dessert first?” Maybe you have questions like that yourself. Anyhow, at that time of year when we turned the shop over to the Christmas Elves those guys had problems of their own, it seems. I guess what they were trying to do was take crooked and split boards and make them into crooked and split sticks, then take a bundle of those sticks and slather glue all over ‘em, then clamp those slippery, messy sticks into a bunch of clamps and wait for the glue to dry.



What they get is a whole pile of sawdust and a board that is pretty straight, but real lumpy. Then they take that board and run it through the planer and make a whole pile of shavings and a lot of noise and a few boards that are pretty straight and pretty flat. But while they are waiting for all that glue to dry they didn’t seem to mind if I snuck back out to the shop and work on *Miss Kathleen*.



I think it’s one of those misery loves company things. I turned a whole load of Alaska yellow cedar siding into a whole load of dust, shavings and noise. You are beginning to note a trend here, ain’tcha? Well, the idea goes back to the first mini tug design I ever lusted after. Jay Benford drew a wainscote sort of thing on each of his designs in a book I got back about the time that Nixon sent me off to help him find “peace with honor.” Still got the book, still like the effect. Never did enjoy the tedium of actually doing it but I always seem to make it harder than Jay intended. I’m pretty sure this gingerbread stuff is supposed to be part of the boat, not just glued on the outside like we tend to do it here at Frankenwerke.

There are so many steps to getting this stuff stuck on that I sort of forget what they all are. A big stumbling block always seems to be which end, or where in between, is a good place to start. Up until a few days ago I really wasn’t going to do this at all this time. This time was supposed to be “simple.” I’m afraid this part of the project neither simplifies, nor does it add lightness. Quite the contrary.

## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

There’s most of a dayshift already into this little picket fence wannabe alone. It’s only a small part of a small part. A whole bunch of steps still to go. Then there’s the port side, and the tail end, too. At least, by the time we get done with the other side we usually know how to do it and, by then, we’re pretty sure if it’s a good idea, or not, as well.



We’re a long, long way from happiness on this one yet.



Sometimes, I have no earthly idea why mom said I should do the hard stuff first. When that hardest thing finally gets done, then what you have is still the hardest thing. I wonder if mom knew that all along.

### Just Keep Doing Different Stuff

If the colloquial “definition” of insanity is to attempt the same thing with fervent belief you can achieve a different result, does changing everything in the hope of returning to the original imply sanity?



Or something else altogether?



When people ask me about the various Frankencreations that tend to follow me to different launch ramps around the country, I have a ready answer, “This is what results when a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools.” This time we actually created something that could sorta be considered “normal.” Orthographic even.

The notion was to use a bunch of straight lines to follow a bunch of curves, and straight lines are the Frankenbuilder’s nemesis. Much a matter of anomalies becoming the norm. Interesting wood grain just isn’t straight, knots and other “defects” don’t happen at convenient spacings. And I tried to follow a complex shape with a single set of “straight” lines. Kinda big oops.

The first couple of iterations of *Miss Kathleen*’s deckhouse emphasized a lot of oblique lines and cut on the fly curves. We threw in a load of gnarly wood grain and blatantly non traditional patterns, all to disguise less than perfect joinery. A lot of that less than perfection resulted from positioning things as they came into view.

This time we tried to actually plan ahead. What a concept. The cabin is a bunch longer. We’ve been trying to make it look about as long as it used to be. The forward trunk is longer. Ditto.



Something else, This particular boat gets viewed much more often while stranded on dry pavement, a travelling dog and pony show from one roadside rest stop to another. We’re a boat that gets much of her interaction with people while she is serving as a travel trailer. What “works” from on the water or at a dock is completely different from what seems interesting and creative from the point of view of somebody standing next to the trailer on the tarmac someplace. I think that’s what the design brief stated. This time we’ll just keep doing different stuff until it begins to be more of the same. Normal?



## Why Are We So Surprised?

When we try something new, why are we so surprised when it turns out to be different?



I wandered out to check on things this morning. That night crew, those impresarios of Frankenvision, that gang of wunderwhat technicians, those, well, those. What in the world were they thinking? That's not what *Miss Kathleen* used to look like. How? Then I saw my own note on the whiteboard, "Try to minimize visual bulk of aft end of new deckhouse..." At least it looked a lot like my writing.



I even vaguely remembered experimenting with a few notions before going off-shift yesterday afternoon, and there was a real resemblance to that in what the night shift came up with. Real similar.



But it's so different. Not the same. Really. Not. The. Same.

## After It's Already Too Short

Mom always said, "If you cut it off twice, AFTER it's already too short, you just ain't gonna like the result."



And that's pretty much how it went with the gingerbread on the starboard side. In our shop the starboard side is a lot like being the oldest kid. Mom always practices on the oldest. The kids that follow seem to have an easier time of it. A whole lot less fitting and

fretting and, in the case of this mondo overhaul, the side closest to the tools gets the first shot at things. Back a few days ago we were immersed in cutting and fitting those endless yellow cedar staves on the right side facing the pointy end. I think it took about three or maybe four day shifts to get that procession stuck on. Nobody liked the result, there was just a wholesale defection. After somebody said, "...well, smart guy, what'rya gonna do about that lousy cut line...!?" I looked around and I was the ONLY one still in the shop

So, there I was. The figgeritowts were real low in the barrel. The wunderwhuts were simply gushing out from under the can lid. A real mess. After about three hurriedly called staff meetings, when nobody else showed up, I just decided to cover the mess up with another thing.



And then I even figured out how to make the window frames do a massive coverup operation, too. There was even hope for a trailer piece to soften that really stark trailing edge. Seemed like we could sort of slather things up and get to gettin'. Seemed like.

Since there was gonna be a coverup anyway, and since Our Father Who Art in Harper sold me that Japanese pull saw a while back, and since this is why God gave us the angle grinder, we just built a picket fence the like even Tom Sawyer never saw right down to the last glop of goop.



And speaking of goop, it seems to fill those wiggly up'ndowns that happen when you stick a sorta flat, curving, straight, wiggly surface right above a bulging, rising and falling, sloping and tapering one. It's just like mom said, "Just stick it on and grind'r flat when the goop goes off."

## We Have Been Far

We ain't been at it very long but we have been far. Now we're starting over.



I have been worried about our IT Department here at Frankenwerke. They do mean well, they just aren't real savvy about this 'puterstuff. Seems those eggheads and nerds that were taking care of all our pictures and stories and notes, they got a new thingie, something called a "backup disc," I believe. I should have been a bit more suspicious when I started hearing mumbled jokes about Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Yup, some real big problems there in the front office. I really thought things were finally sorted out, really did.

That last one took a powder a month or so ago and simply evaporated about ten years' worth of stories and pictures. Now that was a real big headache for the IT guys. I asked 'em when they'd get all those stories and pictures back. Nobody even smiled, just gone. Poof. So I guess that was that.

But this computer has a couple three years more of the last couple three years' worth of stories and pictures. I sure didn't want the same thing to happen to them so I went personally to the 'puter store and bought one of those solid state thingies. Sure, I should have been suspicious of anything that sounds like it could turn out to be a rock or a boat anchor. Long sad story, a bit shorter. I guess I pushed the wrong button. I was supposed to have TWO OF EVERYTHING, one in this 'puter, one in the solid state thingie. Somehow I ended up with none. Zip. Nada.

All those boats, all those trips, all those pictures just fond memories and me with a lousy memory. Much of life is just being able to start over. And, I guess, that's that.





## Just Because You're Tired of Sanding

Mom always said, "Never expect a plain sawn board to stop cupping just because you're tired of sanding it..."



A couple of 'em still in the incubator.



I'm pretty sure that sander operator knocked off early last night. I think he was out plowing snow or something. Sorta goes with the territory. He sorta has trouble paying attention to priorities, even in the summertime, always off putting boats in the water. Hard to get good help.

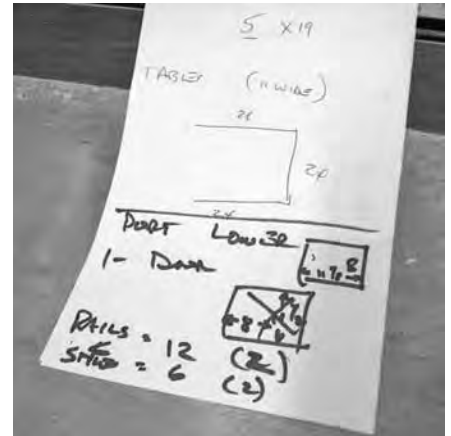


Even the sawyer/planer operator was doing fiddlybits last night, too. Apparently he had to make some more of those  $\frac{3}{8}$ " staves out of a stack of what I think is a sorta "two-and-a-half-quarters" yellow cedar T&G. He regularly ends up with a bunch of really thin strips.



I'll admit it seems a shame to just turn half of those boards into shavings so I've been telling him to resaw the stuff on edge and save the really thin leftovers for "something." Well, I guess those nightshift guys finally decided to do "something." I guess.

I did find a note written with a worn out Sharpie Pen, I think. But what was really odd, it's on a piece of paper, not a sales slip or cardboard box off tear. Nope, real paper like you'd put in your Smith-Corona and type on (if you still had your S-C, that is).



Yup, those night guys can get downright sophisticated. Wonder where they got that typing paper? It became immediately obvious. They were making doors and face frames. Those stiffening boxes that I added to *Miss Kathleen* a couple of weeks ago, the ones that I put there to hold that boat lid up. Those night guys simply ignored the priority list and started converting those supports to some sort of cabinets. Pretty snarky, really. They even had some sort of filler panel glued up.



No rabbits on the doorframes, but what can you expect from a gang with no adult supervision?



If I'm not mistaken, I think, they think, I think, they think they can just glue these things to the backs of the doors and get away with it. I think they have another thing to think about, something about reinventing the wheel maybe? I'm pretty sure that is why God gave us plywood. I'll let you know.

## A Fuzzy Notion Goes Three-Dee

OK, at least two of those Ds need to be trimmed and sanded and shaped and filled and painted and...sure, there's a bunch to do yet, but I've really been wondering how this part was gonna go together. Ferinstance, those forward windows have to fit top and bottom and be inset into the rounded foundation. There's an ascending line that will have to follow along the bottom, from frame to frame, that mimics the sheerline. And when everything is finished and done it all has to come apart, won't go through the garage door with the lid in place.



Not a door frame or window in sight, just this little, rather pathetic, pile of those picture frames.

So things have to be fit and shaped better than normal. And simply normal, around the Frankenwerke, just ain't normal.



But we've got a vestigial doorframe and the beginnings of sidelights. You can even take a squint out the pilothouse side windows from inside.



Just propped up there, mind you, but the clean spots on the galley counter and the "window sill" above it are from me leaning my elbows on 'em and pretending there's rain drumming on the lid and running down the windows with nary a leak.



The view aft from the helm seat might even look something like this. All those cabinet face frames and doors are in a pile more or less out of harm's way. The aft access door will be one of those two part Dutch affairs, probably with no window in the bottom panel this time. I'm thinking that engine noise attenuation will be enhanced a bit, but it has mostly to do with sightlines from public parking lots when we're on the trailer. A simple fix.



Like just about everybody, I love it when a plan comes together and, if only I had one, there'd be even more to love.

## The Rush to February

We here at Frankenwerke had spent much of the pre Christmas season working on our biggest product this year, Alaskan yellow cedar shavings and dust. This is the pure stuff. Most of our collectors have been compromised with red cedar and MDO. The table saw, miter saw, router table, belt and disc sander dust collectors, and just about every settling surface in the whole cotton pickin' shop, are full and covered with the effluvia of that brown Kraft paper overlay from multiple sheets of that gold encrusted, individually registered with a Swiss bank someplace, medium density overlay plywood that has been progressively cut down from heavy as a Volkswagen,  $\frac{3}{4}$ " slabs, to strips and "boards" of various dimension. But we've got a part-bushel of the high grade yellow stuff produced so far. Quite a grand moment, actually.



As I went out to the shop this morning, to check on nightshift progress, if any, somehow the snow in our backyard had managed to creep up to the mid thigh levels without my noticing. Well, I did have to notice yesterday when I realized that the roof rake was someplace out there. You know, left under a tree "where I'd know just where to find it..." What I needed was one of those Swiss mountain dogs with the rum barrel under his chin to help me find it. Yeah, finding a 20' aluminum pole laying "under a tree" took more detective work than I'd care to admit. So, it goes.



So today is New Year's Eve 2017. Three hundred and sixty five days ago we were putting the roof on that little shanty boat, *Gypsy Wagon*.

She's all grown up and moved away now, spending the winter under somebody else's tree, waiting for spring and new adventures with a real live gypsy fortuneteller and her crystal ball and beaded curtains. Yeah, really!

As the neighborhood gets their ammo dumps prepped for the coming bombardments tonight, we're just about ready to slip off into the next phase of this year's mega-project. Just about. First, we gotta produce another few pounds of the high grade stuff, there's still a few of those T&G boards out on the pile that need to be chamfered and re-sawn and planed and sanded and cut up for interior, and some exterior, staving. Still some plain brown wrapper places that could use some sort of decoration.



That's how we hide a lot of our faux pas. I think that's French for "oops." And it gives the summer crew something to varnish during their copious down time. Sort of a byproduct from our shavings operation.



So here it is, the heat of the day. *Alice* the plow tractor is parked and enjoying a moment of tractor contemplation, as she occasionally indulges.



Her work is done until the next Snow Delivery Day anyhow.



And as we all think warm thoughts of the summer to come, I still gotta go check on that night shift progress report. Sometimes the paperwork doesn't exactly square with the actual. Back in a minute.



OK, my "casual Sunday" attire of shorts and bare feet just didn't match with the dress standards my shop crew normally maintains this time of year. I'll have to shift uniforms before reporting for work today. But I'm really happy to report that the Giant TODO List in the Sky has sustained a major downsizing!

For one, those night shift guys actually, finally, figured out how to make a sorta flimsy set of window frames sit flat between a curved and cambered boat lid at the top and a curved and lumpy and sloping "foundation" at the bottom. A stroke of pure Frankengenius, if I do say so.



One of the guys' coats was tossed in a heap, covered like Frosty the Snowman, in the high grade yellow stuff. Poor bloke hadda stand on a ladder and run a trim router across that bumpy, bumpy surface until he got a flat plane, one that made the rest of it begin to look like it can even fit together.

I also observe that he managed to splinter the tops of that yellow stuff. Now somebody's gonna have to come up with a trim piece for that, too. Anyhow, he seems to have

figured it out by the time he got to the other side. Good thing Frankenbots have two sides, one for practice, one for "good."



Yeah. I know, those someday picture frames gotta be faired and smoothed and chamfered and rabbeted and sanded and painted and mounted better. Pretty quick now, just gotta get some more of that high grade yellow stuff into the tub before we lose the chance.



## The Wartzenal Boat Building School

And, now, a word from our sponsor. Wartzenal boats require few skills, no planning and our school pays your tuition back in hard knocks! We are a proud and charter member of the Occupational Pedagogy Network, formed by the not for profit firm of Shore, T'Kutz & Howe, LLC. Our slogan here at the WBS is, "Every student gets what's coming to him!" Our Wartzenal graduates are filling niches in the boat building industry.

We return now to our regular schedule of hubris, bombast and bewilderment, all valuable traits taught at the Wartzenal School, I hasten to add.

This isn't the next thing on the Big TODO List in the Sky, but since yesterday was New Year's Day observed by working stiffs, and the lumberyard refused to turn the lights on even when I pounded on the door and looked pathetic, we hadda find something else to work on. Back to that lack of planning I was warbling about a minute ago.

I had this laminated piece of pine strips that I sorta made up into a cutting board for something at sometime, somewhere. About 1" thick and about 18" wide. Nobody had really figured out what the top of the new hanging locker was supposed to look like yet. Stuff like how high and what was supposed to sit on top of it. Stuff like that. Sinks sorta stick down, stoves sorta stick up. Probably a better place to stick the stove. The sink can go through the old countertop just forward. Hey, we're moving right along here.



Then, while scanning some of the "maybe someday" shelves, what should pop in view but one last survivor of that set of oak framed doors that I once mounted on our liveaboard *Fiddler's Green*. I think they got decommissioned when we added that addition to the aft deck. I guess that makes it about ten years now that that door has been waiting for a mission. Five out of the original six are already mounted in *Miss Kathleen's* galley area. Been there for two years already. So finding one more to become the hanging locker door is quite a find. Our inventory system here is a bit eclectic. No real way to know what we have available, unless we can see it. So, time to make up a matching face frame out of pine for that hanging locker door.



Still the standard litany of sanding, shaping, tinting, varnishing and mounting to do and, as a real innovation, this time we have decided to mount all the doors while the frames are lying flat on the bench. I guess that octopus that I usually have show up to help me handle the drill, and the square, and tape, and centering bit and the... well all that stuff... he will have the day off. Could even get a bit boring with all that loose stuff just sitting there. Not slipping down onto the floor and rolling just outa reach or nuthin'. So, back to the bravado and chutzpah.

The window frames are all more or less slapped together. The interior frames and doors are mostly ready to hang up, or at least ready to mount a passle of hinges once we go to the hinge store and get us that passle anyway. Tonight and tomorrow look like a good time to start inventing the back door. That lumber yard welcomed me with lights on and operating cash register today.

Things are starting to look like we've not only got a plan, but might even be following it. Just don't let the word get out, could spoil everything.



No I'm not dead or sick, I've just been lazy and nothing drastic has changed here at the shop in a while but I'll give you some updates.

I have to apologize for forgetting which one of you sent these. It's an old Navy launch turned into a really cool, heavy duty tour boat. I remember the old days when I rode these things off and on the ship for liberty.



Buddy Simons sent this one of oyster luggers, I'm not sure I would want my boat called a lugger. Is that because they lug oysters around? I can just see us walking down one of those planks with a hundred pounds of oysters on our back, none of us would make it.



The Scamp's are coming along, especially Richard's, he's pushing to get it finished for Cedar Key on May 5. It should be easy except he's a perfectionist and keeps working till it's perfect. His boat will have a tabernacle for the mast so it'll be a snap to rig and unrig. I don't think I've seen another Scamp with one. Yes, that's a fan in there, this is Florida after all, it'll be 80° this weekend.



Wally needs a small, stable boat to trim his mangroves and came across this one in need of massive work. Notice how orange is his favorite color. John's houseboat that needed a little work continues to get deconstructed. Actually the rip out is finished and

# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

the rebuild has started. Don't ever think that any old boat needs "a little" work, especially if it was built back in the '70s.



Here's a stroll down memory lane with *Queen Anne*. She started life as a C&C Mega 30 racing sailboat. Simon had it and was going to "do something" with it someday. Well, Simon has a million other projects going on and figured that someday would never come around for this one so I ended up with it. It was a real complete sailboat with all the fixings. I knew what I wanted this hull to be and it wasn't a sailboat. You should have heard all of the advice I got about what I should keep and reuse. I just smiled and agreed with them all. The first thing I did was park it under the sky hook and cut around the deck with a saw then hooked it up and lifted the whole thing off, cut it up and dumped it. Next I put slings under the boat and lifted the hull up off of the 2,300lb drop keel.



And here's what I ended up with, not a whole lot left to reuse is there. It's like John's houseboat, a clean slate to paint on. I rolled it over, sanded it, painted it, put bottom paint on it and rolled it into its new shed. I always wanted a big red boat.



You've seen shots of the inside before, it's coming along, the V berth is finished and the helm stations have their risers in. Next will come cabinets and furniture and such. Everything on the inside that's not windows will be mahogany.



What I really want to show you this time is the fantail going on. I had to put one of the motors on to measure for clearance and there's a lot of measuring to do. As you see, the motor gets a lot higher when it's tilted up. We'll be able to walk down between the motors to the swim platform in the cut out back end. What started out as a 30' sailboat will end up as a 36' fantail launch. I'm expecting it to defy the commonly accepted rules for hull speed, with this length and a width at the waterline of only 6', I'm expecting to see 10 knots with these little motors running at half speed.



The way we make these curves is to take a bunch of 16' long thin limber planks and wrap them around where we want them. And where do we get long limber planks that will bend and not break? We take 16' long pressure treated deck boards, cut them in half and then rip those halves into four very thin boards then plane them to 1/8" thick. Any thicker and they'll break but we can almost tie these in a knot. We stack them up and hold them together with temporary upright boards

to hold the shape. You can see that I've already glassed the lower ones that have the most curve with 23oz triaxial cloth. All of the round back end you see here won't be there when it's finished. The middle 20" comes out for an open cut out down to the waterline and a hidden boarding ladder.



Next we start gluing vertical pieces of these same boards on the outside, removing the temporary ones on the inside as we go. These are going on with PL Premium and 1" staples from the brad gun. All of this has actually been really fun for a change, it's all light and easy to get to. When I'm finished with these vertical pieces I'll sand and glass the whole thing with a bunch of layers of glass. To make that process easier and also to be able to get into the rest of the boat to finish it I've been really careful not to attach this part to any of the rest of the boat yet. I'll just take out the screws holding it to the hull and pull it off, I hope. Then I'll take this motor back out and keep on going. The plans for all of this are in my head and evolve on a daily basis.



Here's a parting shot from the Tiki hut today looking down at the dock. I really am truly sorry for my New England friends having to go through another nor'easter, how bout we blame this one on the Democrats for a change.





## The Prospector Project

Saturday, December 2, 2017, was the day we canvassed the hull. There were a record number of volunteers jammed into the canoe shop for this event, fortunately it was a pleasant day and we were able to be inside and out while doing the stretching and stapling.

First to arrive was Stuart Fall on his bicycle. Knowing that parking on Doris Street was going to be crowded, he chose to park his van down the street at the local school and pedaled in from there. No, he didn't ride all the way from Topsfield. Arriving later were members Gary Amirault, Tom Bickford, Doug Deyoe, Ted Harrigan, Steve Hodge, Eric Slosser and Bob Smith.

A guest visiting us today was Martin Liam from Beverly who had read of our activities in *Messing About in Boats* and decided to come by and see what kind of fun we were having. A little arm twisting and it is possible that we can get Martin to join the WCHA and the Chapter.

For some reason, with ten of us working it took from 8am until noon to get the hull canvassed and treated with Copper Napthenate. The last time we canvassed a 16' canoe three of us had the job done in about three hours. Perhaps with all the help there was just a little too much chatting going on.

We used the #8 canvas just as specified by Chestnut for the Prospector canoes, stretching the canvas between the back wall of the shop and the old Chevy parked in the yard for dead weight. As is the custom here at the canoe shop, we stretched the canvas taut and loaded the hull with 200lbs of concrete blocks to get a drum tight covering. Using two of our special Vise Grip pliers and two staple guns we took turns stretching and stapling. One of the staplers was a manual T-50 from Arrow, the other was a PT-50, the pneumatic version. There is no comparison, the air tool is definitely superior to the manual tool. Not only did the staples set deeper into the wood, the air tool is much less likely to jam.

Gary Amirault came up with a new spray bottle for applying the Copper Napthenate, it is sort of like a garden sprayer that is pumped up with air and then it's just pull the trigger and spray away. In the past we had used an old Windex sprayer and the new one is a big improvement.



Steve Hodge, Gary Amirault, Doug Deyoe and Martin Liam taking a break before finishing the canvas at the stems.

Saturday, December 9, 2017, the prospector was filled. Gary Amirault, Steve Hodge and Greg O'Brien found the time to come and apply the filler to the canvas. The Copper Napthenate that we had sprayed on the previous week had plenty of time to dry so the canvas was ready for the filler. For this canoe we have chosen the Old Town recipe



## Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

**The Southern New England Chapter of  
the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association**

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey

from the WCHA website that consists of enamel paint, mineral spirits, boiled linseed oil, Japan dryer and ground silica. The only ingredient that was not available locally was the silica. It had to come from a pottery supplier in the other end of the state from here and the shipping cost more than the product.

While the filler had been mixed up some time ago all of the solids had settled to the bottom of the can and it took a fair amount of time with a paint mixer on the end of an electric drill to get it into a usable state.

A regular 9" paint roller was used to apply the filler, the first coat went on and soaked in quickly. A second coat went on right after the first and that one had to be rubbed into the weave of the canvas. We used large canvas mitts made up from some leftover canoe canvas. The third and final coat went on and that was rubbed smooth using disposable vinyl gloves. After a lot of rubbing the canvas had a nice smooth surface that will require minimal sanding before the first prime coat goes on.

With the five to six week cure time that this filler needs it would be February before we could think about painting it. In the meantime, we had plenty of work to do making seats, thwarts and outwales. January would be a good time to get these chores done.

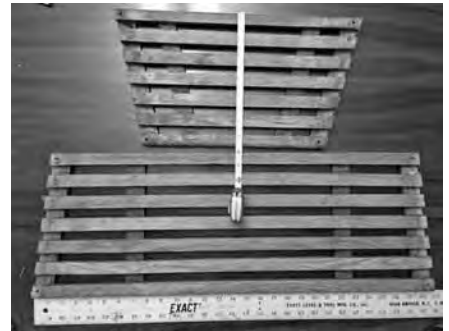


Gary, Greg and Steve with the canoe all filled.

On Saturday, January 20, we jumped back into the Prospector project after taking time off for the holidays and the sub zero temperatures of early January. Perhaps it was cabin fever or a mild day or the coffee and donuts that brought out the crowd. We were joined by Gary Amirault, Tom Bickford, Doug Deyoe, Stuart Fall, John Fiske, Ted Harrigan, Marshall McKee, Jeff Morrill and Greg O'Brien. A good sized group for a little shop. Fortunately, with the milder weather we were able to roll the table saw outside to make more room and to control the sawdust situation.

The project for the day was the making of the slat seats that Chestnut used on most of the Prospector series of canoes and on some of the Cruisers. The slat seats may not be as comfortable as the usual cane seats, but for a canoe designed for rough use the slat seats are a lot more rugged.

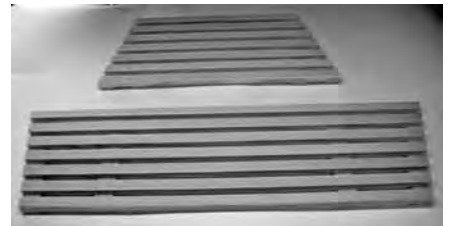
Greg O'Brien has a Cruiser at his shop and he was good enough to bring pictures of the seats and the measurements from that. In addition, he brought with him the two seats themselves so we had a very good idea of what our seats should look like.



These are the seats from Greg's Cruiser. (Photo: Greg O'Brien)

The Chestnut seats were made from ash, so we milled out the slats and battens from a piece that was here at the canoe shop. The slats had to be made  $\frac{7}{8}$ " wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. The longest slat needed to be about 30" long and the shortest slat was about 22". The battens on the underside of the slats measured  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick and  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, long enough to span the  $9\frac{7}{8}$ " width of the seats. The seven slats on each seat were spaced  $\frac{5}{8}$ " apart.

With that much information we planed and ripped the ash to size and assembled the seats. The Chestnut seats were fastened with  $\frac{3}{4}$ " galvanized nails which seemed to work well enough, but we chose to use  $\frac{1}{4}$ " bronze ring nails for our seats, maybe because that is what we had here. At any rate the bronze nails will be good for a long time.



And these are the new seats that we made.

On Saturday, January 27, we met again, this time to make two thwarts and the outwales. Volunteers today included Gary Amirault, Doug Deyoe, Ted Harrigan, Steve Hodge, Jeff Morrill and new member Alan Svenson from Rowley, Massachusetts, just down the road. Alan has a 1954 16' Old Town Charles River that is in pretty sorry condition, but he is planning a full restoration on it. He spent the day watching us do our work and asking lots of questions so he will be able to get going on his OT. Betsy Harrigan sent a loaf of her famous Irish Apple Nut Cake that didn't last long, a pleasant change from our diet of donuts.

What did we accomplish? Two thwarts and two outwales from ash and Sitka spruce. Ash for the thwarts is available from several local sources, ours came from Highland Hardwoods in Brentwood, New Hampshire. They carry a good selection of ash but they never have anything longer than 16'. If you need longer ash, took elsewhere.

We chose Sitka for the outwales, all the way from British Columbia. Chestnut used local spruce, but chances of us finding long,

clear spruce would be pretty slim. The Sitka is expensive but it is available locally. Boulder Plywood, formerly in Somerville but now in a new and better location in Medford, carries the Sitka in "Mast and Spar" grade in lengths up to 20'.

Thwarts are made using the table saw, the band saw and the router table along with a template that we have here at the canoe shop made from a pair of thwarts from a 1960s era Chestnut canoe. The ash was cut into two blanks. For the center thwart the blank measured 2<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" x 39" and the quarter thwart blank was 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" x 39". The extra length of the blanks is important, it gives us space to attach the template securely for the cutting and trimming processes.

First the template was attached to the blank with two wood screws and the curved line marked on the blank. Then the template was removed and the blank was cut on the bandsaw, keeping the cut slightly proud of the line that we just made. Now the template went back on using the same screw holes that we used for drawing the line and we moved to the router table. With a solid carbide template trimming bit in the router we very carefully took off the excess wood and ended up with a smooth edge exactly even with the edge of the template. Then we got to do it again for the other side of the thwart.

The final step was at the router table again, this time with a <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" radius round over bit to make the rounded over edges on each

side of the thwart. With a little hand sanding and some varnish, we will be ready to trim the thwarts to length and bolt them in place.

The outwales were made from the long piece of spruce which we milled to 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" thick by 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" wide. On the router table we used two bits to put a <sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" radius on two corners and a <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" radius on the other two corners of the blank. The table saw was set up with an 8" thin kerf blade, a 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" Skil saw blade, a <sup>1</sup>/<sub>16</sub>" spacer and another 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" Skil saw blade. All four blades were mounted on the saw arbor and by using them together we were able to cut the outwale to the correct dimension and cut the <sup>3</sup>/<sub>16</sub>" rabbet at the same time.

The next several sessions will be for priming and painting the canvas and doing the varnish work.



## What's Going on in Your Shop?

Recently I had reason to visit Ed Moses up in Danville, New Hampshire, and spent some time in his canoe shop learning new tricks and new uses for tools. Ed has no shortage of Morris canoes in his shop awaiting their turns to be restored. At the head of the line now is a 17' Model A, Type 1 that has had at least a dozen new ribs installed and is now getting a lot of damaged planking replaced. This has been a major reconstruction project and has kept Ed busy for several months, but the end is in sight and perhaps we will see this Morris on the water this summer.

Here we see Ed working on some planking repairs on the Morris canoe.



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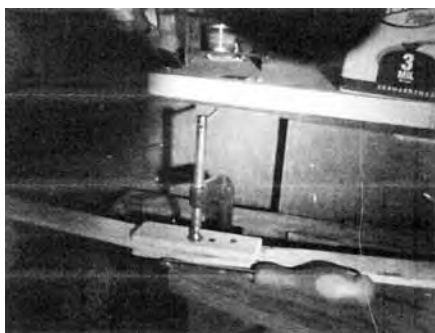
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A problem with that original work table is that it's in the foyer (or whatever one might call the front room of an Airstream, I guess for right now I'm calling it the foyer). "Why," one might ask, "is that a negative factor? Isn't that where you had planned to install it?" Well, yes. But then this Maine Winter thing keeps happening. At first I was forming a plan for having another heater just for oh, aha, "the workroom." That's what that is. But then I found out that I could use a piece or pieces of that aforementioned loading pallet (the one that got run over by the backhoe) to improvise sort of a mini table that I could use in the bedroom, thereby utilizing only one heater. Here is a photo of the mini table at work.



One of the advantages of the boat's design is that it gets put together in something like puzzle pieces which are assembled later. This is not just referring to the "sections" but to all of the parts of the boat as she's being built. Therefore, those parts fit pretty well into plans involving moving the project around, like taking them into the bedroom and working on them there. Of course, at some point the plan will be that these puzzle pieces will be assembled into one unit, or actually two; i.e., the fore and aft sections.

Meanwhile, these two photos show some of the main pieces for the bow section laid out on a board in the bedroom. In the first photo they're laid out and marked, and in the second, one angle is cut to fit.



The next shot is of the auxiliary (or the new?) mini table I improvised for sawing. The one in the other photo was OK for driv-

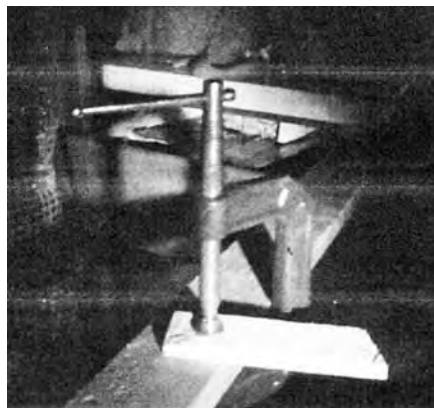
## Dancing Chicken

### A Mini Saga in (?) Parts

#### Part XV

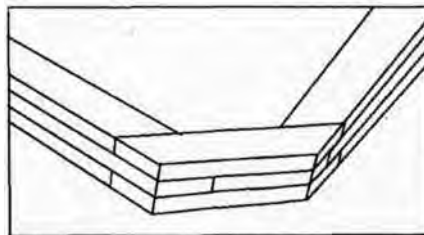
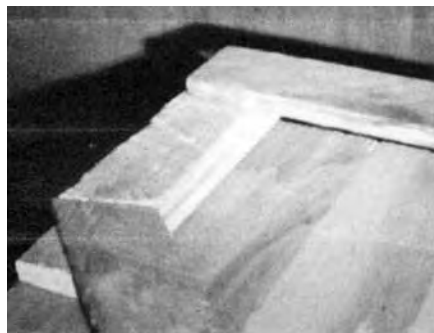
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ing screws, but sawing is, of course, a different motion with different stresses, which I had occasion to notice when I tried to use the first one for sawing. This next one shows a board stuck into a partially opened drawer with the other end resting on the bunk. The piece in progress is the central part of the frame for the bow log. (Yes, she has a "bow log." Those scow genes, y'know.)



At this point, I had to do some figuring in regard to how some of these parts go together. I designed this boat, right? And here I am, pondering about the details regarding how to put this puzzle together now that I have some of the pieces. But I think maybe it's starting to look like I'm about to be able to implement the layering idea that I was first twiggling with in Part II. For example, that vertical bow log frame piece gets cut again and the gunnel gets let in. Then there's a piece that goes over the central piece and attaches it to the stem piece, one on each side.

Then... hmmm. Wait a minute. I think I should probably try doing one of those Microsoft Paint drawings. OK, this isn't exact, but here it is. The photo shows a detail of the boards right after that central piece was cut, and the drawing is intended to be a representation of how it's supposed to end up.



Oops, time for an absolutely essential shift in gears. In the process of beginning to actually fabricate that construct in the drawing, I started to realize something. Although I obviously have a pronounced fondness for scows and things scowl-like, a "bow log" on a boat this size (or at least on this boat, since maybe I shouldn't make such a broad statement as I was about to make) is not only unnecessarily complicated, but it might also negatively affect the overall structural strength. I figured that rather than waste time being chagrined, I should be glad I figured this out when did (it also occurred to me that this modification may make this part much easier and quicker to build). This photo is of the bow laid out on the board with the "shift in gears" in place.



The design is actually now much more like the corrections I was drawing that summer I mentioned in Part XIII, which I sort of gave up on trying to do back in Part I. Hmmm. That deserves a bit of clarification/elucidation, doesn't it? Here's a quote from Part XIII:

"While I scoffingly referred in Part I to 'real or imagined design defects,' I also somewhat later admitted, 'It is true though that some of these misgivings might be at least somewhat valid. I can see various aspects of the design that might, for various real reasons, not be optimal.'" And I had spent a lot of time earlier, while back at the Terry Camper, trying to figure out how to correct these defects. It's also true that it would probably have been a lot harder to have corrected them at that time since the hull was yellow pine which is notoriously brittle (not to mention the hull being about 30 years old).

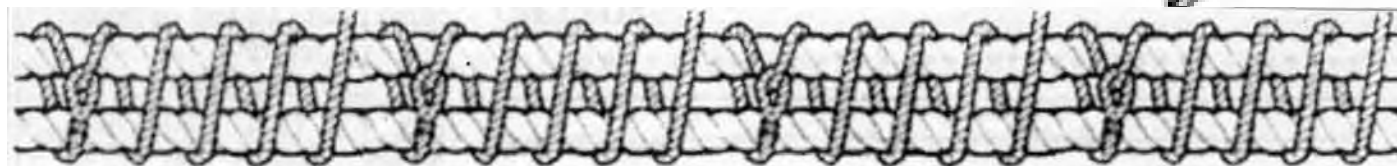
These may have been some of the factors that led to my deciding to just "try it and see what happens." OK, lighthearted and adventurous perhaps, but the logic of any of my premises here sort of hits the wall when I realize that I have enough data to pretty much know what will probably happen. Most likely, if I proceed with the build without the corrections I drew a few months ago and then put aside, *Dancing Chicken* will just simply not look as good aesthetically or perform as well in a practical sense as she will if I do use those corrections (she's probably going to look somewhat goofy in any case, but if so, that is, of course, inevitable).

So the foregoing photo is of *Dancing Chicken* with her tentative new bow design. Why "tentative?" Because before proceeding further I plan to access some information online which I have utilized earlier during some of *Dancing Chicken's* history. In the process of relating this I'll also tell the real story of how *Dancing Chicken* got her name (remember, I did state clearly in Part X that the story of *Dancing Chicken* and *Marmaduck* was "apocryphal").

There once was a beautiful little short video which used to be available on the PD Racer website (pdracer.com). I used to watch that video every morning before beginning my work on whatever else I was planning to work on because it was such a great way to start the day. It was a story of a mother and her two sons and their day sail aboard their PD Racer. At one point one of her sons held his rubber chicken in his hand and “danced” her across the stern of the boat. The title of the video was “PD Racer and the Dancing Chicken” and the background music was the Blues Image Song “Ride, Captain Ride” (Atco/Atlantic 1970). I wondered, after the video disappeared, if it was because of some

copyright issue. I may never know. But meanwhile, that’s how *Dancing Chicken* got her name.

I’ve always been a big fan of PD Racers. I had planned at one point to build one and that may still happen one of these days. Meanwhile, I will probably utilize some of the pointers they provide on their website to help *Dancing Chicken* get to the point where she needs to be in order to be able to perform well and look spiffy on her maiden voyage. Will the PD Racer (in teamwork, of course, with the O’Day Mariner) help *Dancing Chicken* fulfill her wish to “splash in the spring?” We shall see.



I don’t subscribe to glossy things like *Power & Motor Yacht* magazine, but a friend gave me a copy recently because it contained an article about John Leonard, who runs a boatyard on Hamburg Cove off the Connecticut River. The text of the article wasn’t very good but there were some wonderful photos of John and the yard which I enjoyed, clipped and passed along again.

Magazines such as *Power & Motor Yacht* tend to stimulate my resentments of the increasing income inequality in our country and around the world. The only difference between the yachts, besides their lengths, is the distinction between ugly and uglier. Most of John Leonard’s clients could probably afford something out of the magazine but they prefer to put their money into vintage yachts, both power and sail, the boats that grace Mystic Seaport’s Rendezvous on the third weekend in July. If you haven’t been to it, I highly recommend it, and if you have a vintage vessel, even a runabout, I urge you to participate. I’ve been attending since 1988.

I was just about to recycle the glossy magazine but while I was waiting for varnish to dry I decided to thumb through it one more time. I came across a little article by Michael Peters titled “Walking the Walk” which gave me the idea for this commentary.

Michael Peters tells the story of how he moved about 40 years ago from California to New Orleans to work as a designer at a yard which built large yachts. The yard crew didn’t show him much respect, a hippie kid from la la land, and this came to a head when he ordered the carpenters to rip out a different interior wooden inlay, not once, but several times because the joints just did not fit.

It turns out that Peters had left California because he was known as one of the best yacht carpenters and boat builders around and the yard management thought he should be a craftsman and not a designer, the work to which he aspired. So he needed to go somewhere where he wasn’t known to get the fresh start that he was looking for.

To make a long story short, Peters stayed late and the difficult inlay was done, done perfectly for the astonished crew to see the next morning. He outed himself but gained the respect of the crew who had no idea who he was.

I had a similar experience sharing the role of the crew when I was a visiting professor at the University of Iowa. My job was to

## Sometimes We Know, Sometimes We Don’t

By Boyd Mefferd

teach sculpture, which I really didn’t know that much about, but I wasn’t a bad welder and decided to pass that along. The studio had a huge surplus generator welder, the kind of a machine that helped win World War II, that was easier to use and gave better results than any I had tried before. I wanted to get the kids over their initial fear of striking an arc and maybe see if they could learn to weld.

Some students were too startled by the initial spark to ever maintain an arc, others managed to put down an uneven weld. Then, after waiting her turn, one young woman flipped her helmet down, quickly laid down a bead, flipped it back up and turned around to see my reaction. The bead was perfect. She should have been the teacher!

It turned out that she was a union welder at John Deere in Davenport. There was an option of working hourly or by the piece and she said that most days she could earn double the hourly rate with piecework. Like Peters and his carpentry, she didn’t want to be a welder all her life and was going back to school in the hope of becoming an art teacher. Looking at my classroom full of kids, I had no idea of who they were or why they were there.

In antique boating, too, I’ve made casual friends without always knowing about their lives and occupations. John Leonard’s dad, Jack Leonard, is a perfect case study. I’d enjoyed talking to him about boats at the Seaport’s Rendezvous for years but it wasn’t until after he had passed away that I learned that he was the main designer, maybe the sole designer, of the first successful nuclear reactor to power a submarine. Nobody single handedly ended the Cold War but Jack was right up there in the mix. Little did I know.

Sometimes, for better or for worse, we do know. I’ve been blessed with an ability for public speaking which has served me well in both my art and boating careers. Usually I enjoy it and look forward to the chance to get up and speak. There was one time, however, when I was terrified.

Back a few years ago, Mystic Seaport held an annual early spring event called the

“Yachting Symposium” that consisted of both panel discussions and stand alone lectures over several days. I’d been on a panel before and in 1992 I was invited to give one of the main lectures on the topic of “Michigan Runabout Builders.” I guess I knew the material well enough and had given similar talks but this was different because of the audience to which I would be speaking. Legends like Olin Stephens would be there and probably personal friends of John Hacker’s, too. Who was I to be telling them about things that they had experienced first hand, maybe boats that they had actually been aboard?

I considered it an honor to have been invited so I forged ahead. People laughed at the jokes and clapped when I was done after 45 minutes so I guess it went OK. Sometimes it is easier however to not know too much about the audience you are facing nor the people with whom you are talking.

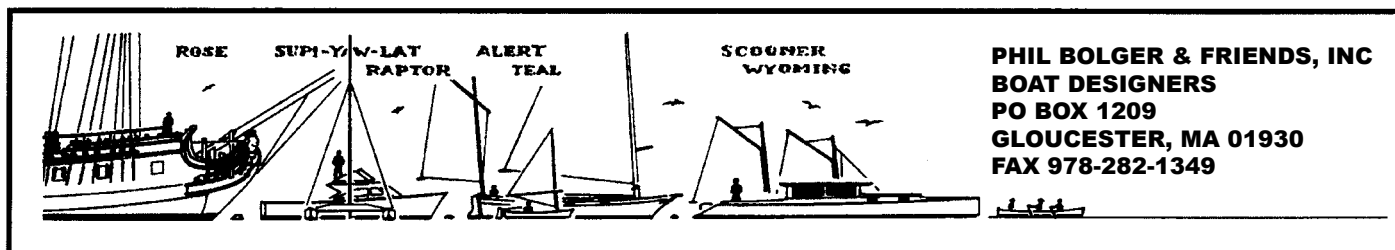
The reluctance dated back to my art days, I guess, when I’d been introduced to people who were clearly already famous and I struggled to say something, to say anything, without making a fool of myself. Some were cordial and made it easy, others were aloof and made it clear that I was wasting their time.

The need to not make a fool of myself reminds me of one last story. My late father, Gerry Mefferd, sailed around the world in the 1930s on a 45’ ketch and then worked as the skipper for a wealthy owner of an Alden schooner right up until I was born in 1941. Years later I was at a party with him where most of the guests knew each other, but once in a while a newcomer would be invited. One such person was trying to make small talk with my dad, innocently telling him how he had been out sailing for the first time and was enthralled with the experience. So far, so good, but he went one step further and told my dad that “he should try it sometime.”

Friends of my dad overheard this exchange and waited in stunned silence to hear what was coming next. My dad just smiled and said, “I might just do that.” The newcomer never became a regular at these gatherings and I don’t know if he ever learned to whom he had been talking.

Sometimes we know and sometimes we don’t. Ignorance can be forgiven. It’s the taking things for granted that can get us into trouble.





## Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column No 523 in *MAIB*

How to Build Plywood/Epoxy/Fiberglass/Foam Hull Types Like #679, 681, 68x, Earlier Ones Like #653

A Brief Refresher in Words, Drawings and Photos

This introduction seems in order before we get into more studies of Design #68x. It might make looking at them a bit more realistic, more plausible to actually envision building and using one of these. Follow me on this. Decades ago, Phil of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and Harold H. "Dynamite" Payson of South Thomaston, Maine, got together and collaborated on their extended, and indeed successful, one-two punch approach to encourage folks to build their own boats.

Typically using the postal service, they kicked ideas around by mail to figure out what type and size of boat might appeal, with many measuring between 5'6" on up to 20', paddle, oar and wind powered, with a few outboard driven. Then Phil did the design work with hull shapes, layouts, calculations, drawings and then sent copies to Dynamite. Often sooner than later, the hull would be built and tested by Payson, with impressions and corrections here and there noted, before both offered these plans for sale.

Dynamite called these Instant Boats and, appropriately for a high school dropout, then wrote a best selling series of how to books on how to build several series of

boats and on using tools, etc. What drove both Phil and Harold was to help the would be boat builder get going, get through it and get the boat successfully into the water where the actual fun would begin. As Dynamite put it, "give them confidence."

I know that the biggest boat Payson built for Phil was the 31' Folding Schooner (Design #268), designed and executed using these same principles of simplification to leave only the essential to be done. When Phil and I did the 31' Design #679 (that was revisited and presented as modified in the April 2018 issue), we sure would now continue in that spirit with this much more substantial craft than any of the Instant Boats.

However, without the budget to casually whip out a 2,500-3,500lb, 90-120hp go fast boat, we had to leave it at leveraging that spirit with the designing and then illustrating the can do message with the nine panel assembly plans sheet shown on page 50. These nine steps, along with detailed written commentary in the Building Key of the plans, would walk the potential builder through the sequence of steps that we deemed the most likely and most productive to get the project planned, going

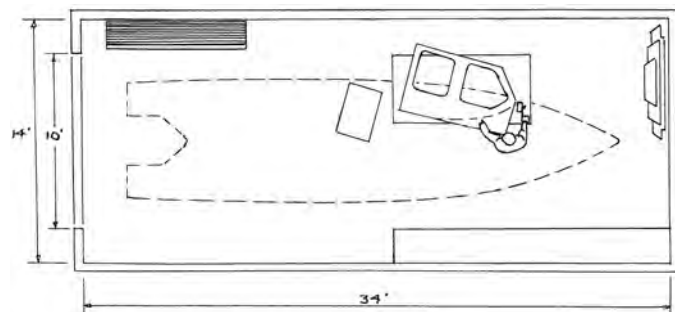
and finished, hopefully with the fewest setbacks and unnecessary go arounds.

Building something in one's head first and then again and again, then on perhaps to plans and a scale model is a wise approach and a happy obsessive compulsive exercise, again and again since it is indeed for a good cause, building a boat. Lots of dreary days in some ho hum job have been made more tolerable with paper boats hidden somewhere, while putting them together in one's head.

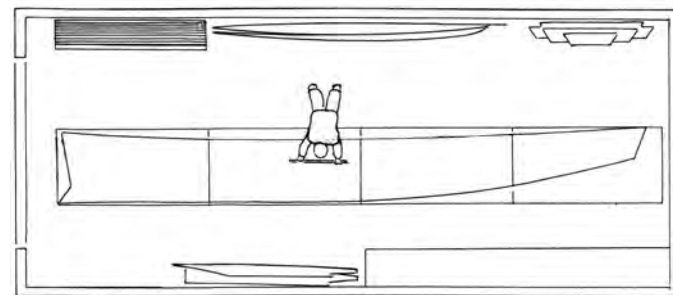
So this month we hope to fuel that fire and offer confidence towards mentally pursuing a project, drawings and pictures. We will be using drawings from #679 and photos from the construction of #681, so extensively reported on between Vol 29, No 4, of August 2011 off and on up to her launching covered in Vol 33, No 4, of August 2015, plus her testing in more issues up to Vol 33 No 8 of December 2015.

All this being mostly self explanatory, let's see how short I can keep this with all these images to "speak a thousand words" or more each. Here then is just the basic sequence with lots of details varying with which design and version to be built. So if you get the drift, be ready to receive confidence!

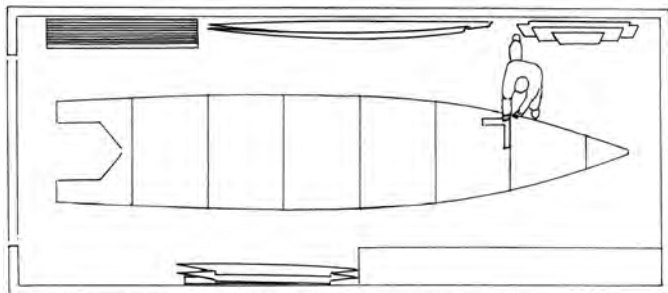
**#1.** We start off offering a sense on how to plan the footprint for the given final hull size, to leave enough room for workbench, tool storage and keeping materials ready to be used and then locate small and larger finished pieces, plus coffee machine, Muffins stash, chair, etc. As the picture shows, to get into the swing of things we'd start with small pieces to screw up only cheap items that won't break our heart while racing up that learning curve. We'd then mark them and store them in the correct order needed to retrieve them when the time comes.



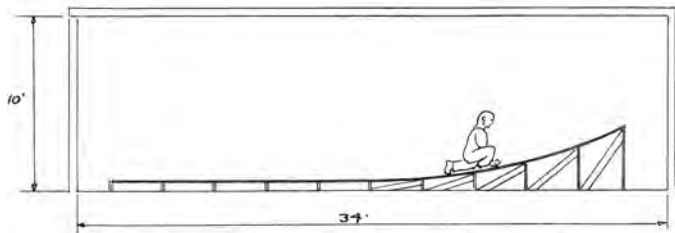
**#2.** Next it's time to do large pieces (we even did the sprawling rooftop for #681 this early) to get them assembled, finished including selectively painted and then stored out of the way and yet immediately accessible. Here are the topsides as full length pieces, soon to be painted on their outsides before being stored vertically right against the insides of the gantry legs, gentries we need to just move these 275lbs hull sides alone.



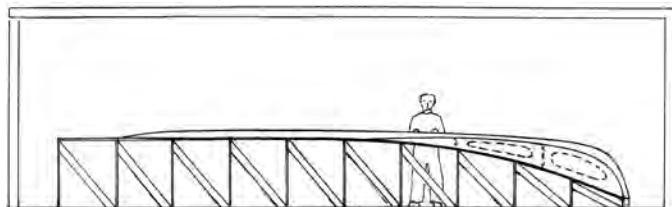
**#3.** Now it's on to the heaviest single piece, the hull bottom, assembling its first 1/2" layer via Payson Joints like we used on the topsides and on all longer and wider than 8'x4' plywood pieces. The photo shows this assembled half layer well braced with temporary strapping, 2"x4"s, etc, in order to ready it for lifting. It's much heavier than the narrow topsides and requires these braces to not overstress the joints as we lift, move and turn over it.



**#4-#5.** The need arose to correct our thinking for #679. Instead of doing #4, we ended up lifting the well braced half thick bottom to dead vertical and set up support horses to allow the final lamination of the bottom panel to full thickness, in this case adding at least two layers of 10oz glass cloth. It will then be ready to receive the V-nose bow addition that makes this (seemingly) flat bottomed hull actually offer a fine sharp entry going slow or fast. So we skip Step #4 and go straight to #5. Should have been obvious to us way back... So the #4 photo is actually already in the #5 position, draped over the horses to establish the final bottom lamination curve.

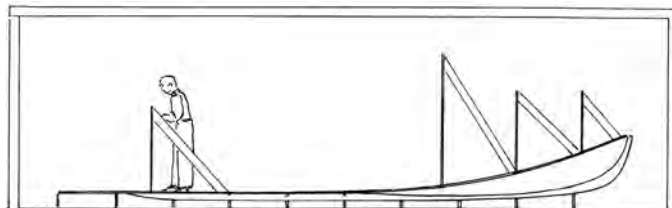


The first #4-#5 photo shows that V-nose under construction. The second #4-#5 photo shows the fully completed and even fully surface finished bottom panel at now nearing 1,000lbs of weight being lifted to vertical, then moved laterally to allow it to be located in its correct position between the gantry legs to receive the bulkheads, frames and everything else it will take to finish the hull construction. Good to plan carefully, move slowly during this movement and stay out from underneath its footprint where it could fall and maim if not kill. Hey, confidence!



**#6.** Doing the first dry assembly of the major pieces to investigate from every angle the fit of joints, whether everything comes out plumb/vertical where expected or flows into that beautiful curve as it was designed to do. We ended up doing this several times, only possible with the gantries to lift and keep the big pieces secure, and found things that needed addressing before final assembly.

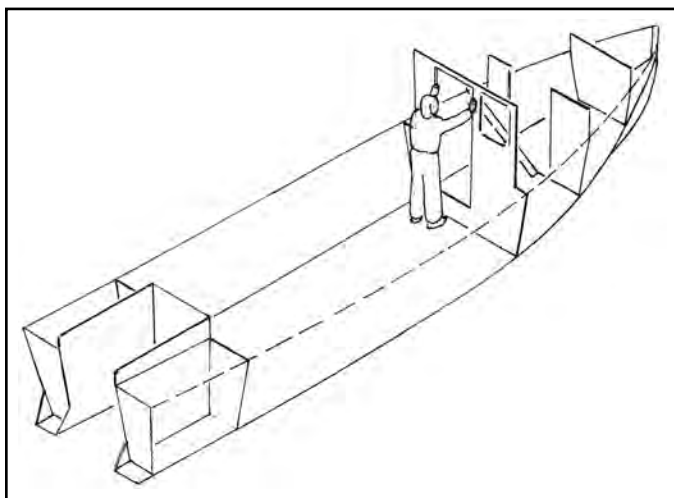
But most gratifyingly we got our first 1:1 scale look at her from as many angles as possible and seeing her interior clearances sight lines. Yes, the CAD process assured us that all this should be as it is now emerging to indeed be, but the actual 3-D experience offers vital additional insights, including where problems might lurk that the CAD screen did not see coming.



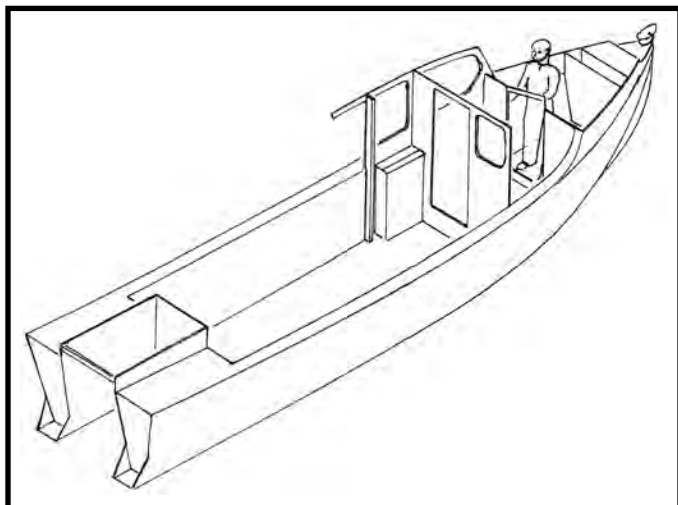


**#7.** Beginning to run the carefully timed sequence of applying epoxy between bottom and topsides panels, using guide fasteners to reliably locate the piece exactly where it needs to be, before running the intimidating number of fasteners into their predetermined and pre-drilled holes before the epoxy kicks off. And continuing the long day mania, now comes the permanent bond between bulkheads, frames and permanent structural members essential to have her come together now true and straight.

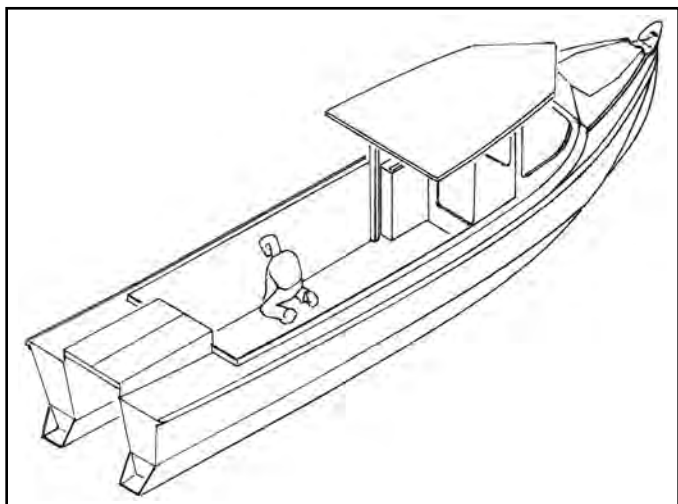
Hence all the dry runs earlier. If the odd mistakes or unexpected shifts in the alignment of vital panels are not caught now this would be the time that a permanently built in twist, dent, droop or whatever, would be unspeakably heartbreaking after all the effort invested thus far. So, with confidence one should proceed only after triple and quadruple checking of the dry assembly. After all, if the CAD work was clean in the machine, and the correct numbers were worked to with clean cuts and correct angles to produce the pieces, she should indeed fit like a puzzle. Perhaps it might be a good idea to build a model out of model aircraft plywood (cool stuff at breath taking prices) to the plans' scale to really learn the sequence and how things should look.



**#8.** More of her interior is now added within that now fairly solid structural shell and finally things like the roof, slopwell, seats, controls, tanks, probably soon a first test hanging of the outboard etc.



**#9.** Final detailing is undertaken (no boat is ever fully done, some claim) and then it's roll out/float out time. This is possibly the first time she can be seen in one piece from a good distance by walking around her, squatting down to look up at her, the whole spectrum of visuals and in light of all the effort, the emotional reaction as well. Time to let the eyes feast, it probably took a bit of everything one has. Soon she'll be posing, as #681 did on her mooring in the cove where I could see her anytime.

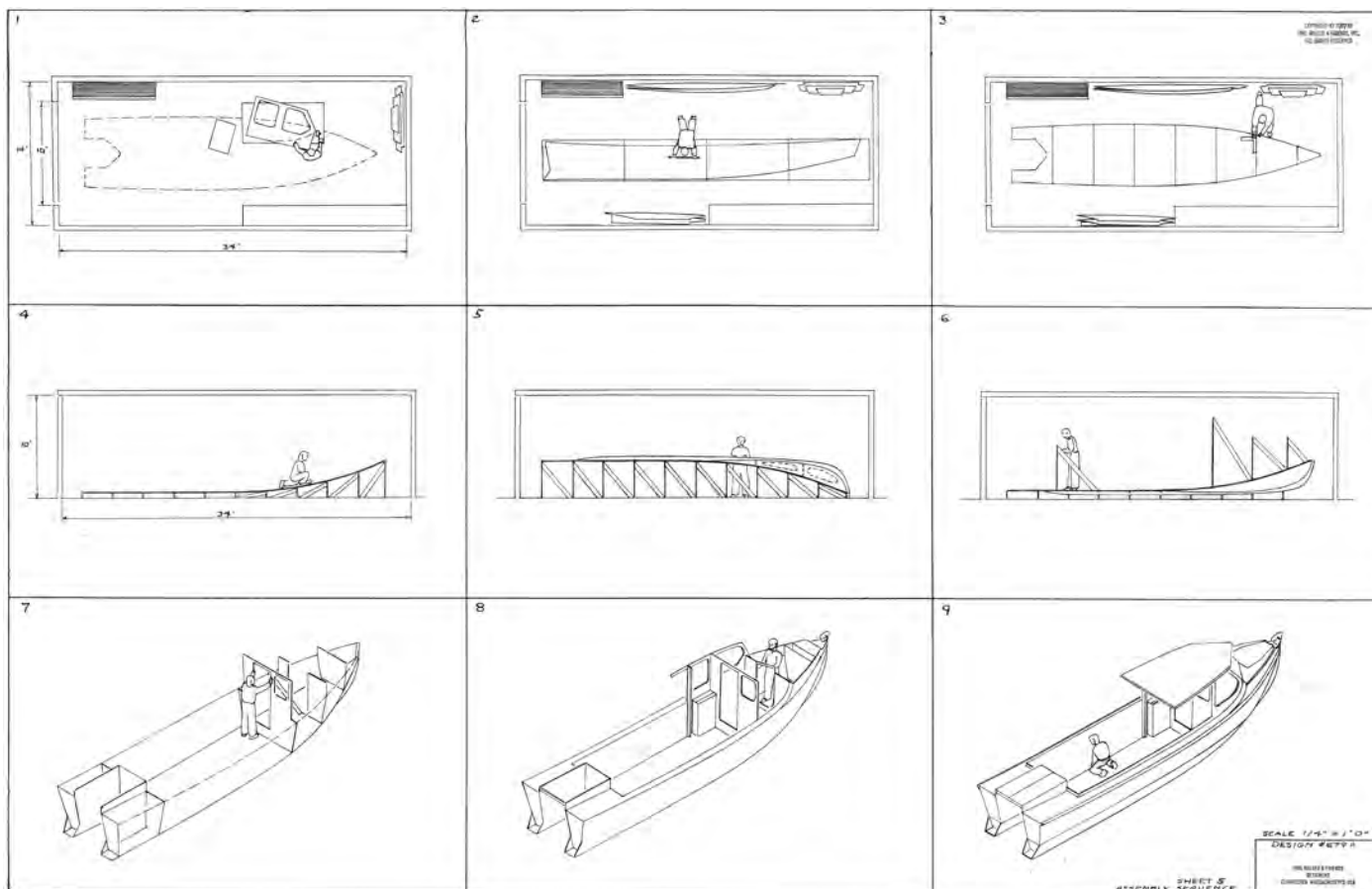


It's likely that our ink on paper only building of #679 years earlier did actually help me to rigorously plan the actual construction of #681 in both broad strokes and then, of course, down to near granular detail, to hopefully make the most of time and energy, the budget, my stomach lining doing this work in full public view and to an insufficient budget.

But let's not revisit the darker side of what did, after all (whoever doubted it?), turn out to be a successful construction of a 39'1"x7'5"x1'2" x 6,400 lbs (dry and light) x 225hp x 25+knots boat.

With her taking some 70% of her total required manhours out of my body and mind, in fact, my first effort on anything near that scale, this means that Phil's and Dynamite's mission to give them confidence sure reverberated throughout this project as well. And for you, that leaves no hand wringing, yes but fits or Saint Never Day delaying tactics! Consider yourself endowed with confidence.

Now that we know how to put her together, the next series of studies on her hull geometry will seem that much more realistic, actually doable, possibly irresistible.





An article I read on the collision of the guided missile destroyer *USS John S. McCain* and the freighter *Alnic MC* in the Strait of Malacca included an illustration that showed the GPS tracks of the two vessels. The illustration of the relative positions of the two vessels prior to the collision reminded me of a neighbor's portable GPS that showed the location of the GPS unit overlaid on a chart of the waters. With the combination, we could see the relative position of the boat and the surrounding water and navigation aids. We could also see what affect the tidal current had on the boat's course over the ground (COG) as opposed to the heading of the boat on the water. In restricted waters, the vessel's COG is just as important as the direction the operator wishes the boat to go.

Before we had GPS units and electronic charts on which we could superimpose the image of the vessel, we had paper charts, hand held compasses, protractors and dividers. The person navigating the vessel took bearings on known objects, transferred the bearings to the chart and then had a point where the vessel was when the bearings were taken. If it was a slow boat, the location was close to where the boat was located on the water. If it was a fast boat, it was somewhere further down the track than the position on the chart. A friend who was an aircraft navigator some years ago over the Pacific was usually 50 miles or so along the way by the time he converted his star sights to the chart.

While most people figured in the set and drift of the vessel in their initial course decision, getting bearings allowed for checking on how much the vessel was moved "off course" by the tidal current and/or wind conditions. While some readers may not be familiar with set and drift because they are not into long range cruising, the influence of the tidal current and/or wind conditions can affect short trips under some conditions.

Years ago my wife and I were coming back to Shell Point in our Sisu 22 with the wind on the aft, starboard quarter. The wind (with rain) and the seas were pushing the boat toward a shoal area. I had to steer the boat about 10° to the right of the course to counteract these conditions. I had LORAN-C on the boat, which gave me a relative location on the water, but it would have been nice to have a GPS with the overlay on the local chart. That way I would have known for sure, the set and drift and the location of the vessel relative to the shoal area we had to pass. Oh yes, I also had the depth sounder going for a warning if the water started to go shallow on me.

The COG is one consideration when out on the water. The other aspect of boating is



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

the speed over the ground (SOG) which can be different from the speed through the water. A friend was on a boat sailing to San Miguel de Cozumel when he discovered that while all looked good (sails full, water flowing by, etc) from his LORAN-C readings, the boat was going backward because of the eastward flowing current the boat was in at the time. A change in course got them out of the main current and they proceeded on to Cozumel.

I have had the same thing happen in local water with the boat sailing along quite nicely until the crab pot float passed us because of an adverse (and strong) tidal current was moving us astern. Not only will the GPS give the boat operator the vessel's COG, it will also give information as to SOG. We were towing a 24' sailboat (it had rudder problems) with our Sisu 26 into a head sea with a strong wind on the nose and reduced visibility. If the GPS had not indicated we were making 2 knots, I would have thought we were standing still as we headed (on a GPS reading) for the channel entrance to Shell Point.

I have an oil anchor lamp that is probably 40 years old. I got it from Bliss & Co for use on our first "cruising" sailboat (a converted 26' Navy whaleboat). I found it the other day in a remote storage place and decided to clean it up. Many applications of light penetrating oil later, the lamp is back in operating condition. I went looking for information on the lamp on the web only to find that it is probably an antique at this point. Bliss is out of business and most of the surviving items are in museums. Not only did I get boat gear from Bliss, I also purchased quite a few items for my ship models. They had all kinds of neat stuff in their catalog.

Reflective sunburn is one of those conditions that people do not always think about. I remember a newspaper article about an individual who sat on the edge of a dock with his bare feet hanging over the water while fishing one afternoon. They carried him off the dock to a car for a trip to the hospital. The soles of his feet were sunburned. You can wear a hat and still get sunburn on your face from reflective radiation. The strangest case

I have heard about was a person climbing a mountain who had the inside of his ears and the bottom of his nose sunburned from reflections off the ice and snow. Wearing good sunscreen is a good idea when outside to protect from reflective sunlight.

Mnemonics are a useful tool to help remember information. They exist in all aspects of life from remembering the names of the Great Lakes to weather phenomena. The following are from a list of night navigational mnemonics.

### Rules of the Road Mnemonics Night Navigation

When all three lights I see ahead,  
I turn to Starboard and show my Red:  
Green to Green, Red to Red,  
Perfect Safety – Go Ahead.

But if to Starboard Red appear,  
It is my duty to keep clear –  
To act as judgment says is proper:  
To Port or Starboard, Back or Stop her.


And if upon my Port is seen,  
A Steamer's Starboard light of Green,  
I hold my course and watch to see  
That Green to Port keeps Clear of me.

Both in safety and in doubt  
Always keep a good look out.  
In Danger, with no room to turn,  
Ease her, Stop her, Go Astern.

For more such "helpful hints" on night navigation, take a look at: <http://www.boat-safe.com/nauticalknowhow/> (go to safety tips and enter mnemonics in the search bar).



**KITTERY POINT TENDER**



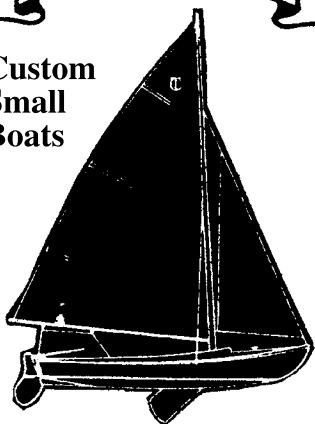
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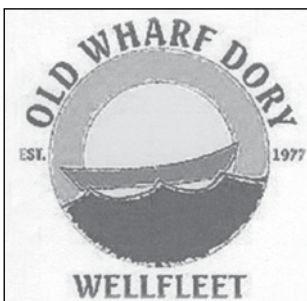
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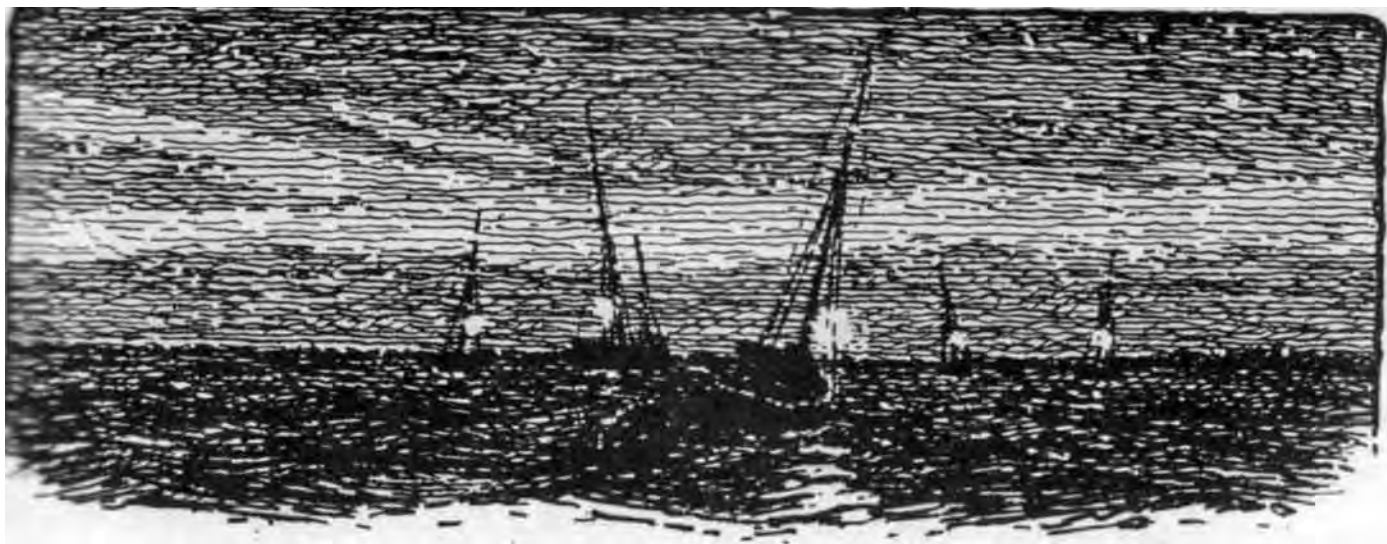
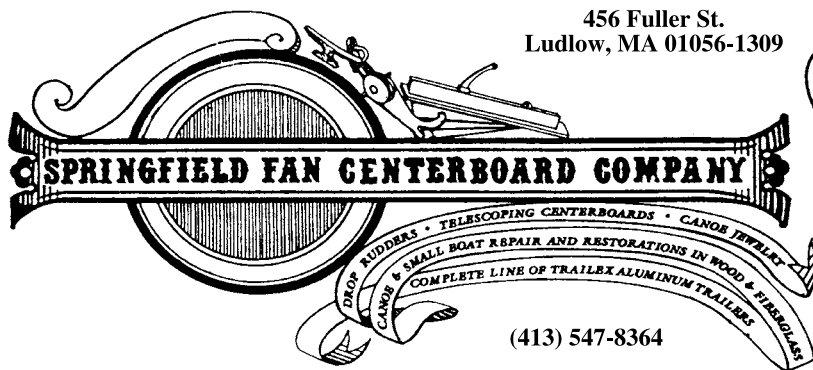
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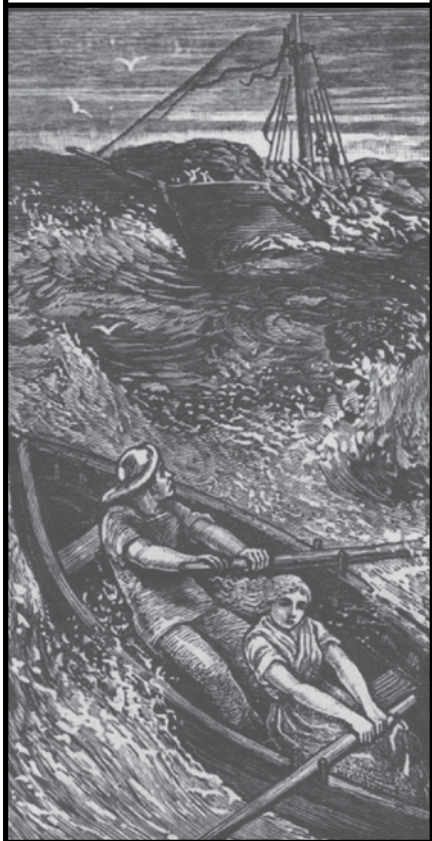
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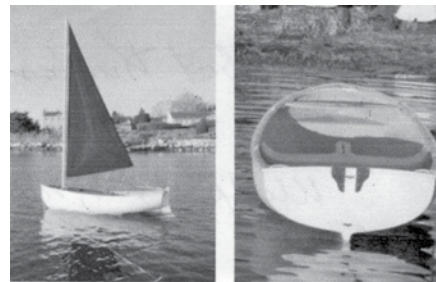


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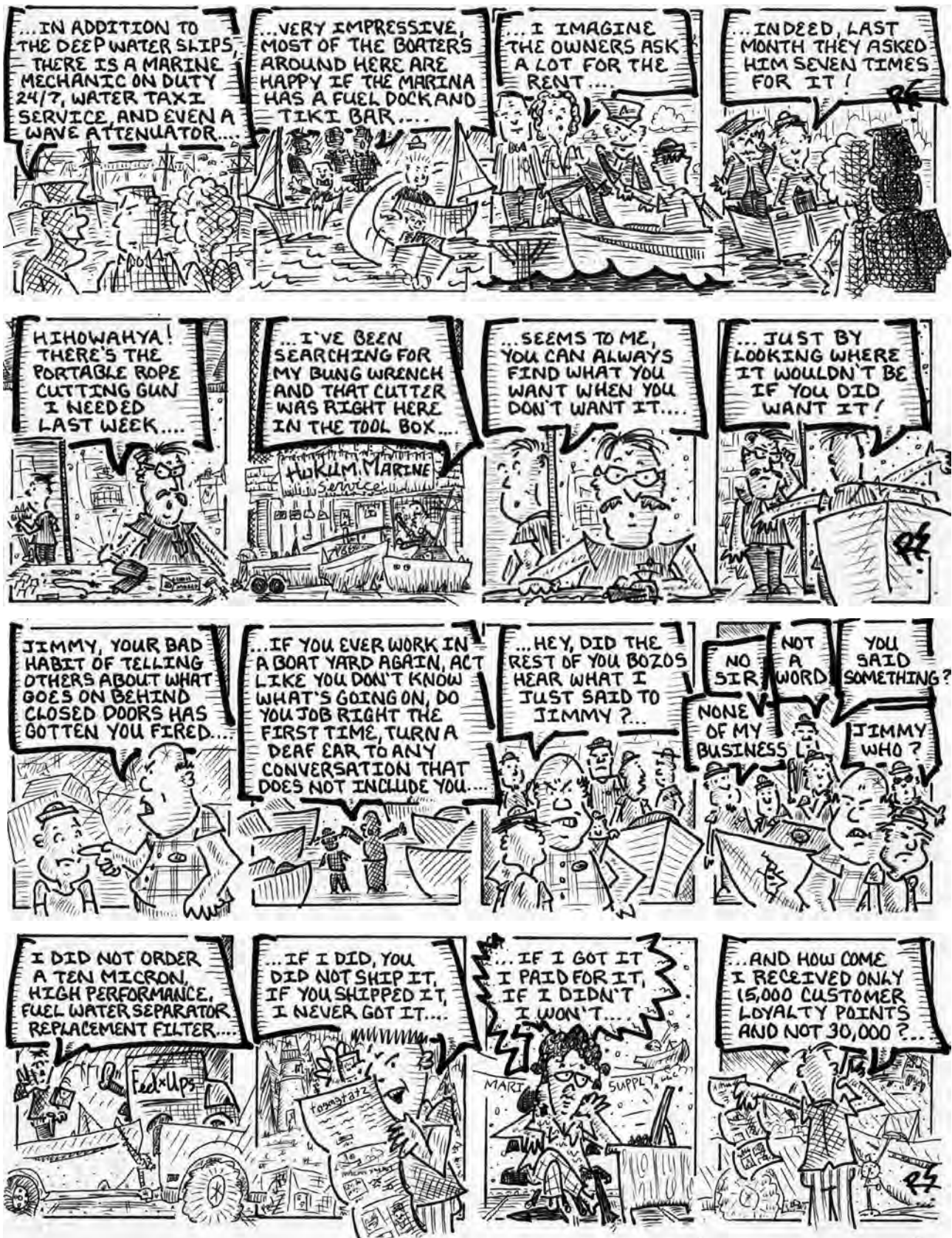
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